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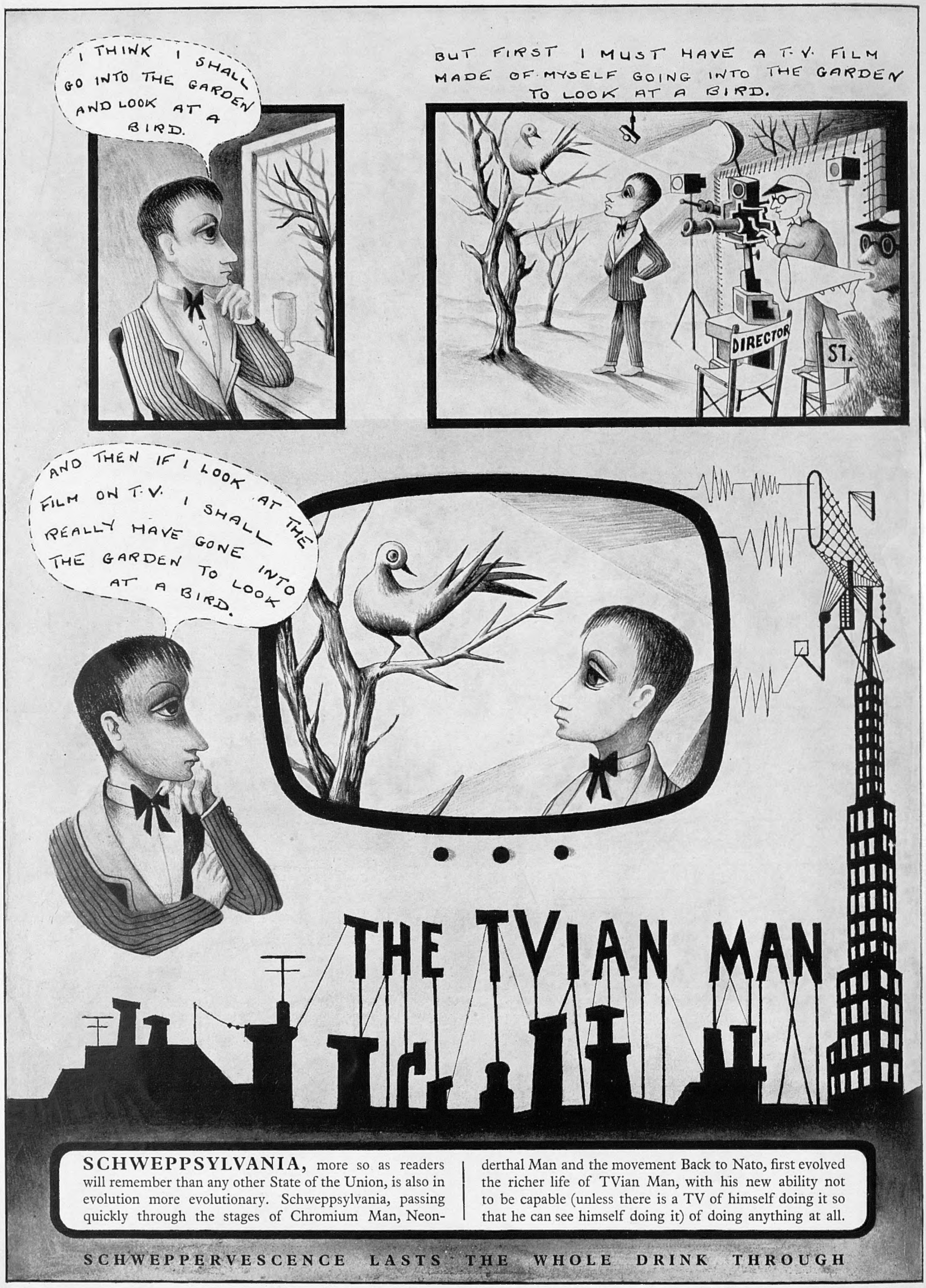

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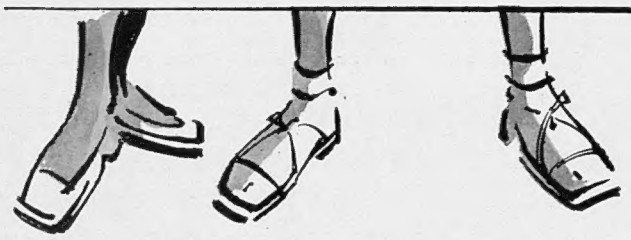

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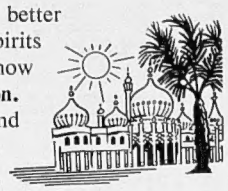

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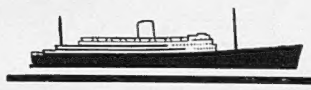

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Volume CCXXII No. 2896

The SPHERE, London, August 13, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

A HOLIDAY EXPRESS CRASHES WITH ONLY ONE FATAL CASUALTY—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE MANCHESTER—LONDON TRAIN WHICH CRASHED LAST SUNDAY AT BARBY, NEAR RUGBY : The sole fatal casualty was the driver, who was trapped in the cabin of his engine which left the rails and came to rest on its side in a field below the track. The first six coaches of the train were also derailed, several of them plunging down the embankment. Passengers scrambled from the wreckage and only two persons, the fireman and a woman passenger, were seriously hurt. The bulk of the passengers later travelled to London in another train.

About 150 passengers escaped serious injury last Sunday when a London-bound express crashed at Barby, near Rugby. Most of them had scrambled from the first few coaches, which had crashed down the embankment after the derailment. The train was travelling from Manchester and the accident occurred at a point where the railway runs near the London—Birmingham road. The accident is believed to have happened while the train was changing from one line to another after being switched to avoid maintenance work. A gang of men had been relaying the up-line and the train was switched to the down-line to by-pass them. It appears that on turning back to the up-line the engine fouled the points and crashed down the bank. The rails under the damaged train were twisted and wrenched from broken sleepers, and one section was even bent over in the shape of a loop. The injured were taken to St. Cross Hospital, Rugby, where two persons were detained, and the rest of the passengers went in buses to Braunston station, near Daventry. There they joined a special train to London.

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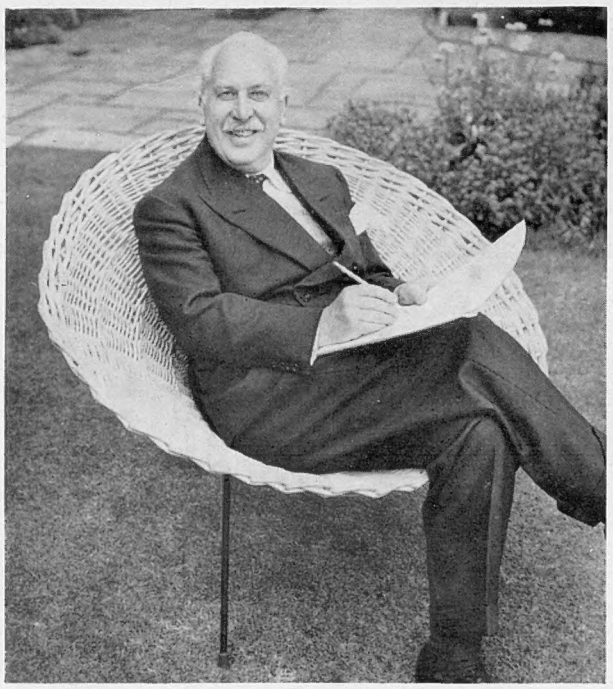
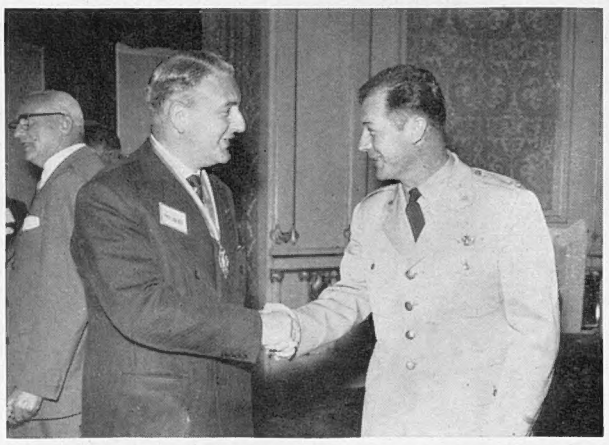
SIR ARTHUR BLISS ON HIS BIRTHDAY



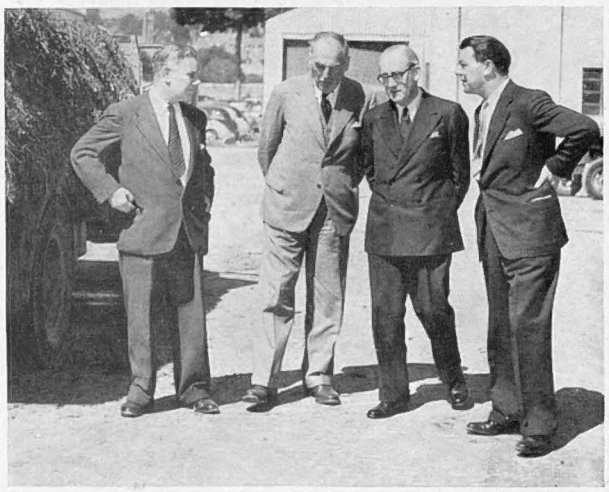
THE MASTER OF THE QUEEN'S MUSICK IS SIXTY-FOUR : He is seen engaged on a musical score in the garden of his home in St. John's Wood, London. On the day after his birthday Sir Arthur Bliss conducted his new violin concerto at its first performance at a Promenade Concert in the Royal Albert Hall. It was first heard last May. Sir Arthur, who was knighted in 1950, was appointed Master of the Queen's Musick in 1953.

A RECORD-BREAKER IN LONDON



A MAN WHO FLEW AT TWICE THE SPEED OF SOUND IS ENTERTAINED TO LUNCHEON : Major Charles E. Yeager, U.S. Air Force (right), is welcomed by Mr. J. Guy Presbury, President of the London Rotary Club, at the luncheon at which he was the principal speaker. He reached a speed of 1,650 m.p.h., in a Bell X-1A rocket-powered research aircraft during a flight from Edwards Air Force Base, in California, in December 1953. He was reported to have climbed to a height of 70,000 ft.

CANNING PEAS IN SCOTLAND



THE OPENING OF A NEW PROCESSING FACTORY AT BLAIRGOWRIE, PERTHSHIRE : Lord Strathclyde (third from left), Minister of State for Scotland, is shown round the new factory by Mr. Wallace Smedley (right), chairman and joint managing director of the Smedley group of companies. On the left is a lorry-load of peas ready to be threshed at the new Smedley factory.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Space Satellites.—Do we take it that "flying saucers" were no figment of the imagination, that the truth of "no smoke without fire" is further confirmed (to the satisfaction of rumour-mongers), and that these dinky little satellites have been discreetly trying their wings for some years against the day when the U.S.A. would announce her new programme of securing space data? I presume we do. It is impossible to launch on the market a new plane, car, speedboat, or any other vehicle without elaborate performance tests in the element it will travel, and the little "vehicle" of "Operation Basketball" comes into the category. A grooved cone or top, 20 ins. in diameter, 100 lb. in weight, it will fly 250 miles above the earth's surface, propelled by multi-stage rockets, at 18,000 miles an hour, able to circle the earth every ninety minutes. Each will be equipped with recording instruments to relay "information" to the earth by radio. Information about what? About air density in space, the nature of the ionosphere and of the sun's cosmic rays. And some of this information broadcast by the satellite from the poles may help us to improve and extend our weather forecasts. A peaceful project to increase human knowledge for the benefit of East and West. In fierce competition, the race for the moon is on. Will the satellite test-football fall on our heads? No, its butterfly but useful life will end in vaporisation after its work is done. And what larger benefits may it bring to mankind? Its researches may bring nearer the day of the man-steered space-ship, the visit to the Moon and Mars. Human knowledge of time and space lie up there, and many suspected dangers to human health may be discovered and perhaps averted. "Then thought I to understand this, but it was too high for me." I was born long ago with my feet planted on the earth. You can 'ave the moon. I shall never visit it. I rather doubt if you will

Bulganin's Visit.—Unexpected and everywhere welcomed, the coming visit of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khruschev as guests of the Prime Minister next spring, will be a unique event. No Soviet Prime Minister has ever visited Britain, or, indeed, any "capitalist" State, though the Marshal came here in 1936 to study our methods of municipal government. Sir Anthony is justified in his satisfaction at bringing about so pleasant an indication of improved relations between East and West. There will be a deal of confabulation between now and the date of his visit on matters of security and of procedure. No doubt, he will be guarded with meticulous precautions and he will be shown England as England and her institutions can best be made intelligible to him—and innocent. He will not be the Queen's guest, for he is not the head of a State, but no doubt at all the Queen will receive him and lend her usual enchantment to his view of England. I don't know if a visit to the City will be in the programme, but Guildhall is a customary venue for distinguished visitors and not to be always identified with capitalism. I suppose, if Bulganin goes to the City, it will be as guest of a new Lord Mayor who "knows not Joseph" Stalin's Moscow, but will know how to show the City of London to Communist visitors.

MALTA'S TRIBUTE TO SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

A BRONZE BUST IS PRESENTED TO THE FORMER PREMIER : The presentation of the and an illuminated address containing the names of the subscribers is m at Sir Winston's London home, in Hyde Park Gate, by Mr. Justice A. J. Montan Gauci, of Malta. Also present was Mr. V. J. Castillo, Acting Commissioner-Gen for Malta in London. In accordance with Sir Winston's wish the bust eightieth birthday present, will be taken to Malta. Mr. Justice Montanaro Ga president of the Malta Society of Arts, Manufacturers and Commerce, initiated the idea of the presentation, said after the presentation that it intended to place the bust in a public garden overlooking Grand Harb

Test Match Microscope.—Before the last Test Match—that tremendous test and trifle and headache for the poor Selectors—let us coolly examine the state of the game and the nation, *vis-à-vis* international cricket. Lord Cobham, recently commemorating Thomas Lord, voiced his anxiety lest the knowledge that every stroke played would be described and criticised to a listening Commonwealth might affect the nerves of batsmen whose sense of proportion concerning cricket is as unilateral as, say, Mr. John Arlott's. Don't start by blaming the commentators, faithful servants of the B.B.C., a faithful servant of the public. They are doing an arduous job, a job which would send me crackers in a single hour. For all we know, the non-stop commentary they make exactly suits a majority of listeners. It is difficult to judge. I am wildly excited during a Test match and sometimes listen in, and I have found myself irritated when the commentator recites the score card to date every five minutes and sometimes when he does *not*. I am satisfied that there is too much repetition, that the places in the field paint no picture to me, and, on the whole, I believe, if the conditions allowed, we should most of us enjoy during the "permitted" hours of commentary, a series of ten-minute-interval bulletc recounting salient details of the last ten-minutes p and giving the latest score. That would give us t to write a letter or do a little weeding, and wo relieve the commentators of an arduous strain. T comparative restfulness of TV commentary *vis-à* sound broadcasting is startlingly brought out. Whet or no the B.B.C. and its faithful public servants h lost all sense of proportion about Test cricket, w dangerous possibilities, the public which pays the p must call the tune and accept any minority hisses cat-calls. I only know that I feel a mingled sens shame and irritation if I listen in for a quarter-h on end.

Highland Fling.—The call to the Hi lands now grows louder and more compelling as dry leaves fall in Berkeley Square, the village flo shows are things of the past and the tennis-lawns brown-toast. The call is being answered up A still a stop-and-go traffic route through parts Yorkshire; for Scotland suits all tastes. Time when "the Twelfth" meant a lot to a few and Highlands were summed-up in the word "grouse" the privileged of London and New York. But years past this purely British bird has hid his and the prospects this year are as dismal as e Some of the finest and most famous driving moors h been untenanted and unshot for many years, and or two of them known to me have at last "reve to dogging," and lucky to get the chance. It is ei years since these crack driving moors were ra by pointers and setters, and twenty years since ceased as driving moors to average their 5,000 b a year. Nobody knows why. It is not from lac trying in recent years. But the rivers are not in doldrums. Plenty of salmon are caught and s neglected rivers are coming back into popular And those who still enjoy stalking can indulge t taste cheaply and at short notice. But the High Fling is far-flung. All tastes are good, and pe throng the Highlands in search of fresh air, heat views, music, golf and caravanning more generally for "blood sports."

Tragedy at Cowdray.—Colonel G death in the course of a polo match on the Ambers ground recently cast a heavy shadow on the famous and popular Goodwood polo week. frequent presence of the Queen and the regular by the Duke of Edinburgh at Cowdray, have dr people from far and wide to the week-end matc which, revived after the war by Lord Cowdray a almost local effort, have given an impetus to all over the country and become an internati institution. I have watched it from its inception all its lovely grounds, of which the most charm is the small river ground by the ruins, used chiefl drought. The great ground at Ambersham is far away and perhaps less popular. I have been str by the rarity of accidents; and, generally speak the more expert the players, the less the risk accident. The chief danger lies when inexperien players are engaged with the highly experienced, the latter may go all out on the assumption that sacred rules of safety will be understood by all players. Colonel Gibb's tragic death was an excepti All the players were highly skilled. His death was the result of a risky cross. It was due to a rare

tragic mischance. In all the years of play since the war, I can recall no serious or semi-serious accident to a player or, beyond the death of one pony on the field from natural causes, to a pony.

Making Hay While the Sun Shines.—From Sir Anthony downwards the politicians are relaxing "with a gratifying feeling that their duty has been done." The holiday spirit is certainly in the air—for all save the farmers and the transport workers. The former, having gathered in a record hay crop, are hard at work in the south on the corn harvest, and already large tracts wear their autumn face. And still this glorious summer hangs on. Well, it is a rare chance, perhaps not to be missed. Mr. Butler must wait a few weeks before his warnings can take effect. For him the renewed drive for a stable economy fell at an unfortunate time, wakes-time, the weeks when savings fall and money is poured out like water. Banish the thought that when we return "we shall have a lot of little bills to pay" and a lot of back work to make up. The coal bunkers must be filled at a price. A pleasant little increment to the trade of 30s. a ton for coke will enhance the pleasure of a hot bath. The quarterly bills for electricity and gas won't look so good. After a dry summer, even water will demand its economic price. Nothing can stop the rise in the cost of living. It is Pelion piled on Ossa. And holidays by the sea, even if your bed be a deck-chair, are not had for nothing. But dismiss such thoughts. We echo the thanksgiving of poor Ezra Jennings, the true hero of *The Moonstone*:

> "God be praised . . . I have seen a little sunshine. I have had a happy time."

Our Little Weaknesses.—If August is the month for the people, it is the month *par excellence* for observing our national weaknesses. The Press runs symposiums concerning them, and all interests are represented, all sorts of views expressed. Definitive conclusions are hard to come by, but a mass of evidence pro and con is adduced. Whether or no hotel guests are more reluctant to tip than hotel servants to receive tips is not yet clear, but the national shame revealed by the litter habit is proven to the hilt. It is all very well to ask the magistrates to "step up fines" in proven cases. The maximum is a flea-bite, but the chance of fining a delinquent the maximum seldom comes. The good citizen who detects and seeks to bring to court a gross offender has before him a task as unenviable as possible. The offender "has no idea" that littering a common is objectionable, and regards himself as a victim of malice. The overworked police are unsympathetic. The good citizen, if he ever reaches the witness-box, is frowned on as a busybody. Anti-litter notices, politely phrased, are money thrown away. Nothing but decades of primary education can check the filthy vice. The parents of to-day are incurable. When 31,000 cars per hour pass a given point out of London, the "little weaknesses" of road users can be observed *en bloc*. The lay walkers, the crown-of-the-road-crawlers, the three-abreast cyclists, the cutters-in, the queue-busters, the block-head verge-parkers, the drivers who don't worry about signals. . . . What is the best way to deal with them? Some say by kindness and courteous warnings, some by heavy fines and suspensions. Some would do it by courtesy cops in mufti; some by mass summonses by uniformed police on pre-arranged road sections. If the August symposiums can find the right answer, it will be a miracle.

Holiday Reading.—I have read a vast number of new books this year—chiefly novels and biographies, and I have to confess that for the most part the glowing reviews and publishers' puffs, which induced me to order them, brought me disappointment. No doubt, there is a tradition in reading and as we grow older, youthful tradition decides our taste. There must be a vast public which likes to keep abreast of current publications, yet I am often struck by the number of my younger acquaintances who read very little, beyond periodicals and perhaps books on their hobbies, and I suppose fewer people than formerly provide themselves with good books to read on their holidays. Penguin and such paper-covered types are obtainable everywhere and can provide for almost all tastes, and can be bought cheaply, be cheerfully lent and lightly discarded. From the "guaranteed" list of my library, chosen and read in the last six months, I recommend only four with confidence: *Elinor Glyn*, by Anthony Glyn—a first-rate biography as exciting as any novel; *The Memoirs of Hadrian*, by Mme. Yourcenar; *Requiem for a Wren*, by Nevil Shute; and *Brothers in Law*, by Henry Cecil. But perhaps schoolmasters and budding or retired barristers will get the best out of No. 2 and No. 4 respectively. Four out of thirty-four on my list! I do not feel one penny the better for having read the other thirty, and I felt quite a lot the worse for having read some of them.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

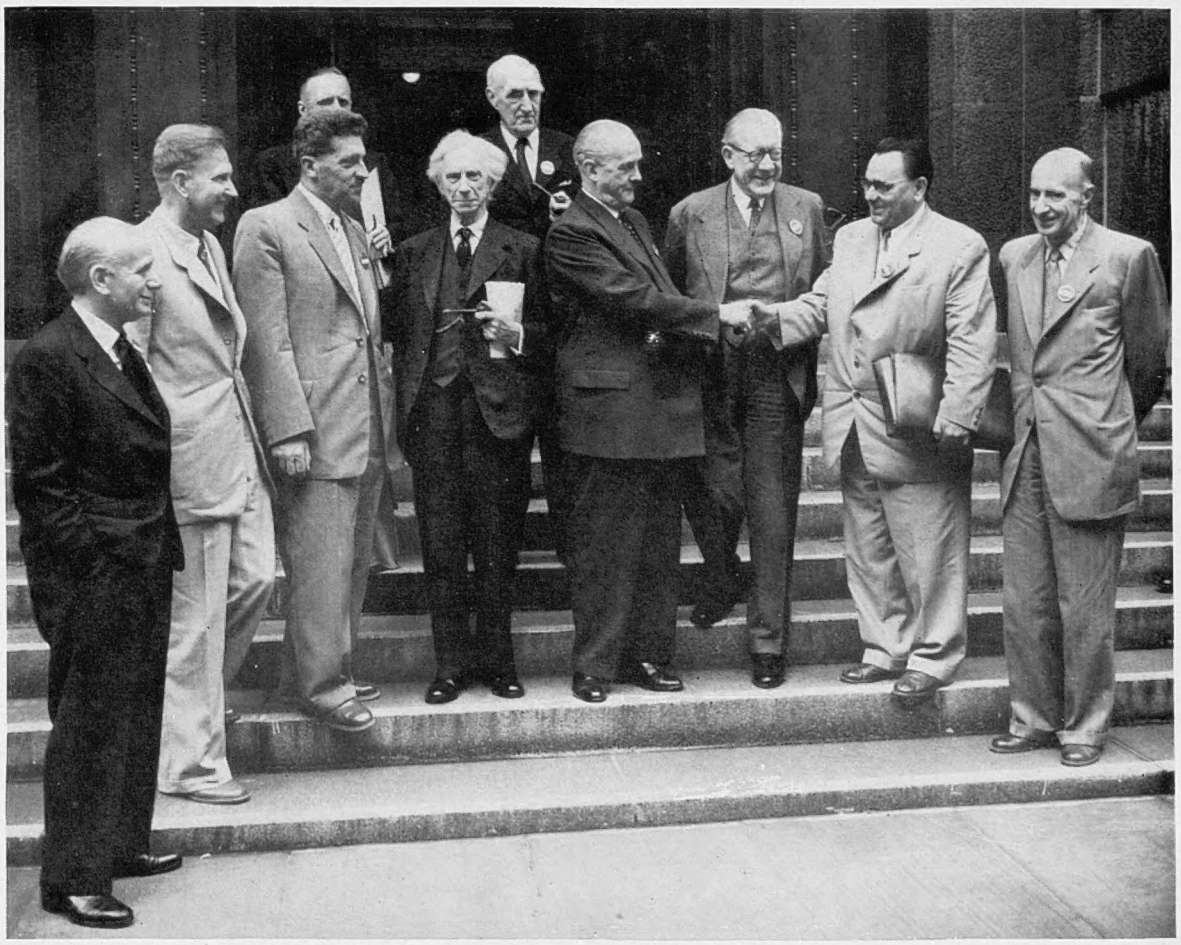
THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

A Special Section With an Article by George Blake and Drawings by John Mackay

SCIENTISTS OF THE WORLD MEET IN LONDON

THE OPENING OF THE WORLD CONFERENCE OF SCIENTISTS AT COUNTY HALL: Mr. Clement Davies, M.P., president of the three-day Conference, is seen addressing the delegates from twenty-four countries who assembled under the auspicies of the World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government. In the chair is Mr. Walter Elliot.

The presence of Russian representatives at the World Conference of Scientists at County Hall, Westminster, added to its importance, especially at this time, when, as Lord Russell said, there was more hope in the world than at any time since the rise of Hitler. In defining the purpose of the Conference, Lord Russell said that it was to show the conviction, by the weight of scientific authority, that a great war had become impossible and to promote the movement which, it was hoped, would grow wider and deeper until it became a controlling factor for good in public opinion and in the decisions of governments. It was the duty of men of science to find ways of enlightening the unscientific world about the effects to be expected in a nuclear war. Later, Professor A. V. Topchiev, the leader of the Russian delegation, emphasised that in future Soviet scientists would take part in any measures aimed at the removal of the threat of the use of atomic energy for military purposes. The Conference ended with the adoption of a resolution calling for an end to war, proposed by Lord Russell and seconded by Professor Golounsky (Soviet Union).



THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE GREETS THE LEADER OF THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION: Mr. Clement Davies shakes hands with Professor A. V. Topchiev outside County Hall. Front row, from left are—Mr. Gilbert McAllister (Secretary-General, World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government); Professor M. A. Markov (Russia); Professor A. M. Kusin (Russia); Earl Russell; Lord Boyd-Orr (just to the rear); Mr. Clement Davies; Mr. Walter Elliot; Professor Alexandre V. Topchiev (general secretary of Moscow Academy of Sciences and leader of the Russian delegation), and Professor S. A. Golounsky (Russia). Next year's meeting of scientists will take place at The Hague.

THE QUEEN IN WALES

Pictures of Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh During Their 400-Mile Tour of the Principality

THE START OF THE ROYAL TOUR : The Queen sees sheep in their pens at the bicentenary show of the Brecknockshire Agricultural Society at Brecon last Saturday. This was her first engagement in her three-day visit to the Principality, on which she was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Queen's visit to Wales last week-end added to the history of the Principality. On Sunday, the second day of her journey, she landed from the Royal Yacht *Britannia* at Milford Haven on the 470th anniversary of the landing there of Henry Tudor at the start of his campaign to secure the Crown. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh proceeded to St. David's Cathedral, where they attended morning service. The Duke read the second lesson. It is believed to be the first time a reigning Monarch has been present at a service in this Cathedral since Edward I was there in 1284. In the afternoon the Duke of Cornwall, Princess Anne, Prince Michael of Kent and Princess Andrew of Greece, who were also in *Britannia*, joined the Queen and the Duke for a picnic near Milford Haven. On Saturday Her Majesty had been at the Brecknockshire Agricultural Society's Show at Brecon, opened the new Usk Reservoir and visited Haverfordwest. On Monday she went north to Aberystwyth.

A TALK WITH AN OFFICIAL : Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh chat with an official of the Brecknockshire Show. A record crowd gathered to see them at Newton Park, at Brecon. On the same day the Queen inaugurated the gigantic new Usk Reservoir at Trecastle.

A WELSH REGIMENT PROVIDES THE GUARD OF HONOUR : On arrival at the Brecknockshire Agricultural Show, the Queen inspects the guard of honour from the 1st Battalion, the South Wales Borderers. Then she spent the night in the Royal Yacht *Britannia*, and landed at Milford Haven on Sunday to attend the morning service at St. David's Cathedral. On Monday the 400-mile tour continued to Aberystwyth, in West Wales, where Her Majesty opened the newly-completed central block of the National Library of Wales.

THE GREAT WEEK OPENS—THE SAILING FESTIVAL WHICH PROVIDES AN UNFORGETTABLE THRILL FOR SPECTATORS AS WELL AS COMPETITORS : Along the front at Cowes citizens and holidaymakers mingle to watch the yachts manœuvre round their moorings. This year Cowes Week, blessed by wonderful weather, extended over eight days, during which twelve regattas were given by seven different yacht clubs. A large number of yachtsmen from abroad competed, with the Americans prominent among the winners.

COWES WEEK REMAINS SUPREME

The Greatest of all the Sailing Festivals Lived Up to its Reputation Last Week When Yachtsmen from all Over the World Competed in the Wonderful August Sunshine

By UFFA FOX

LAST week there assembled at Cowes, for that most wonderful of all festivals for sailing people, yachtsmen from all over the world. The Argentine, the United States, Canada, Australia, Scandinavia and the rest of the European countries—all were represented during the festival. It was a fine international tribute to Cowes Week, which has taken place on the first days of August for more than 100 years.

This great tribute is not surprising, for the Isle of Wight, forming a natural breakwater to Portsmouth, Southampton and Lymington, provides a stretch of semi-sheltered sailing water some thirty miles long and four miles wide. Here, when there is any strength in the wind and it opposes the tide, there are steep and difficult seas for a small craft, which can then only use one of the two edges of the Solent, where the strength of the stream is not so strong, and the seas consequently smaller and less steep.

It is a stretch of water that calls for the utmost in sailing and seamanship. But in addition to this, yachting people enjoy great gaiety ashore at the end of their eventful day's sailing. Throughout the week there are tea, sherry and cocktail parties, dinners and dances, "banquets and balls." At the end of it everyone is absolutely worn out with enjoyment and hilarity afloat and ashore.

Nowadays, people are apt to blame the atom-bomb for any bad weather about. At the end of July and August we should be enduring our south-west monsoon, but I have in my library an account of the Spanish Armada, by the Spanish themselves, and this tells of all the dreadful weather they endured in the month of June whilst they were having sailing trials and trying to assemble in the north-west corner of Spain. They complained that the weather in that June was severe and more like December weather—all of this as long ago as 1588.

However, this Cowes Week we had most delightful weather, soft, gentle breezes and every day a "ladies" day, with the exception of Friday (the Cowes Town Regatta day), when the slashing south-westerly came in and set every vessel roaring along at top speed. But, on Saturday clouds came over the sky and deadened off the wind, for wind (like frost) is generally hardest with a clear, open sky.

On that last Saturday some sixty vessels divided into three classes, and set sail from the Royal Yacht Squadron line on the Royal Ocean Racing Club's greatest race—a race of some 600 miles round the Fastnet Rock off the south-west coast of Ireland and back into Plymouth. It was a heartwarming sight as they left and provided a fitting climax to the week's end.

As well as pure racing, there was also a series of speed trials over a measured mile, which was plotted on a radar screen. However, these were speeds in one direction only. This is a bad thing, as it can develop a useless boat. The best speeds were naturally made on the Friday, when there was a sparkling breeze of some 20 m.p.h. A lightly-built catamaran *Endeavour* did 14½ knots and so defeated the Jollyboat (last year's winner), which did 13½ knots.

In the cruiser racers, *Carina*, Richard B. Nye's wonderful yawl, was the most successful, for on Monday she won the round the Island race for the Sir Walter Preston Cup; on Tuesday the Britannia Challenge Cup, presented by His Late Majesty King George VI., and on the Thursday the New York Yacht Club Challenge Cup.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH UFFA FOX IN A FLYING FIFTEEN : Prince Philip, who spent four days at Cowes, is seen at the helm of *Coweslip* at the beginning of his first race at Cowes in which he came fourth.

The joyfulness of the week was increased by the fact that Her Majesty's Yacht *Britannia* came and picked up her mooring the day before the Week opened and, on the first day of the Week, the Duchess of Kent arrived with her son Prince Michael. Two days later Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, arrived by helicopter, landing on an extremely small spot on the East Cowes front. Both sailed and raced every day of the week, excepting the last two days, for on the Thursday Prince Philip departed by helicopter for the Queen Mother's birthday; and Prince Michael departed in *Britannia* the following day, so that Prince Charles and Princess Anne could embark on *Britannia* in Portsmouth Harbour ready to proceed on their voyage round The Land to the south-west corner of Wales and then on up to the west coast of Scotland.

Prince Philip settled down and showed his usual sailing skill. Immediately after arriving, he sailed the Flying Fifteen *Coweslip* and led the fleet for three-quarters of the race, but a shift of wind let *Fanfare*, which was lying fourth, into first place and so *Coweslip*, who had been leading until the shift, herself finished fourth.

Sailing *Bluebottle* in the Dragon class, Prince Philip was unfortunate in that the bow of his boat was some 8 ft. over the imaginary starting-line at the start of the Wednesday's race, although under the lee of half-a-dozen boats. Although eighth round the first buoy, he sailed her into second place,

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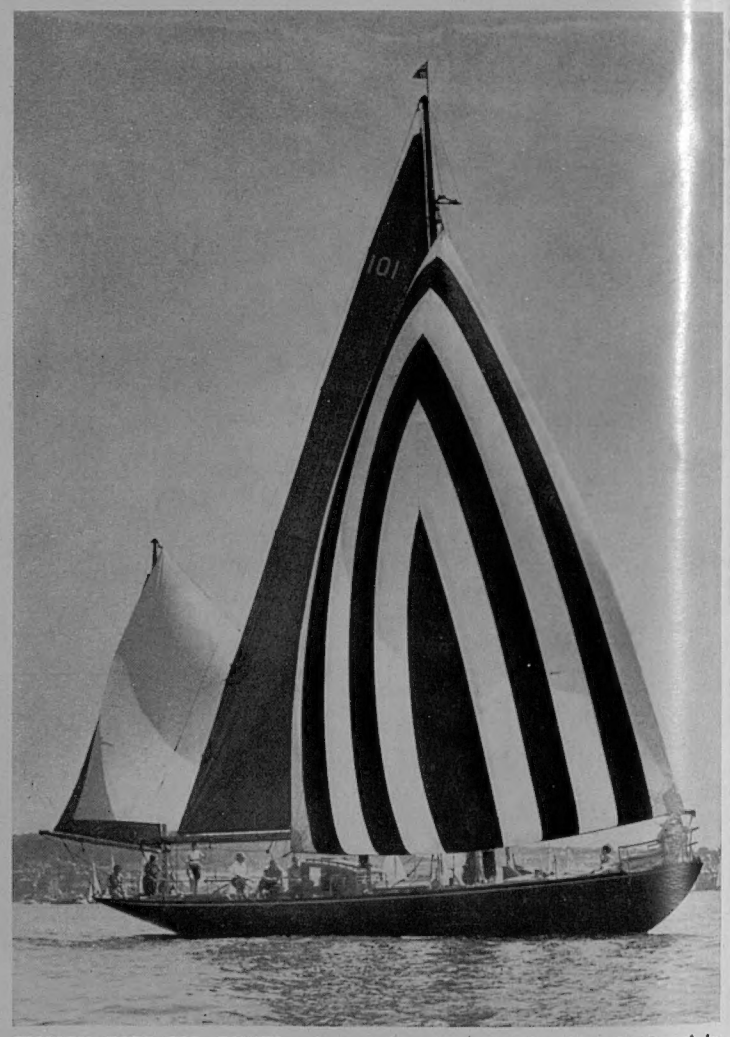
COWES WEEK REMAINS SUPREME

THE CATAMARAN WHICH WON THE SPEED TRIALS : The 19-ft. *Endeavour*, with her two 18-in.-wide hulls spread 10 ft. apart, won the trials with a speed of 14½ knots, 1 knot better than the 18-ft. *Jollyboat*. The weather float is here seen 3 ft. out of the water.

CRUISER RACERS SET THEIR SPINNAKERS BEFORE A FRESH BREEZE AT COWES : In brilliant sunshine yachts of 24- to 30-ft. rating make a fine sight with their spinnakers set. In the foreground is *Sardonyx* (H. F. Edwards), which enjoyed a good week ; and at left *Taiseer V* (Group Captain R. J. F. Barton).



FASHION NOTE FOR COWES : A new line in spinnakers is displayed by Mr. M. D. N. Wyatt's cutter *Bloodhound*. She was able to set the black-and-white sail during a race for yachts of 36-ft. rating and upwards.

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only to be disqualified for being over the line at the start. But, as one of the members of the Sailing Committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron remarked " He would much rather be hardly than lightly dealt with."

The following day Prince Philip again steered *Blue-bottle* so well that she was once again second to *Tania*, Kenneth Preston's new Dragon. When we realise it is the first time he has been in either of these two boats for a year, and that he is racing against teams which have sailed together throughout the year, we get a true measure of the Duke of Edinburgh's great ability as a seaman and sailor.

This Cowes Week was, undoubtedly, wonderful. Each morning I used to look out of my window at 5.30 a.m. at a perfect sunrise, with the great dark shadows of *Britannia* and her guardship, and Ecuadorian and American warships at anchor, all silhouetted darkly against the roseate hue of an early dawn. At this moment the whole world was hushed and seemed peacefully asleep. All around there was a great forest of masts of some 500 yachts and boats, all resting quietly on their moorings before the battle of the day. Those were the unforgettable moments.

Successive days brought wonderful cloud effects, for on the Solent it is most unusual (and enjoyable) to see a blue sky above a greenish sea ; generally the sea and sky are the same colour. So, day after day, people from the town had the joy of watching lovely clouds marching across a blue sky whilst, because the moon was at the full, every night brought a great deal of glory to the heavens. There was the moon, turning the sky into a lovely combination of silver and blue throughout the hours of darkness. And below, on the water, lay the silver pathway to the moon.

Every day of the week brought forth great feats of sailing and seamanship from all these boats resting so peacefully in the early morning light. When the final day came, with a Regatta under the burgee of the Royal Southern Yacht Club from the Royal Yacht Squadron line, all the competitors and spectators had enjoyed the great festival of Cowes Week to the full. In beautiful weather they had savoured the finest yachting festival of them all.

THE X CLASS PASSES THE ROYAL YACHT "BRITANNIA" : With a fair wind behind it and the tide running, this fleet of X Design boats is seen during a race as it passes the Royal Yacht. Accompanied by her guardship *Undine*, *Britannia* arrived at Cowes in time for the beginning of the week, and left on Friday to take the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on their cruise to Wales.

A FINE CONTEST FOR CRUISING RACING YACHTS : In the lead here, and in the weather berth, is the American yacht *Carina*, owned by Richard B. Nye. She won the Britannia and the New York Challenge Cups during the Week. To her port side are *Moonbeam*, *Evenlode*, and *Marabu*, who won three races.

On right—

AMERICAN COMPETITORS AMONG THE 6 METRES : Three of the United States competitors are seen here as the class turned out for one of the races during the Week. Leading, extreme left, is the consistent *Marletta*. Extreme right is *Marylette*, and ahead of her, the American *May Be VII*, which won two races.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN HIS DRAGON : *Bluebottle* close-reaching at high speed under her genoa and mainsail. The Duke, seen at the helm with Uffa Fox, one of the crew, brought the yacht in second on each of the days he sailed.

LEADING YACHTS DURING COWES WEEK

30-FT. RATING AND ABOVE : *Carina* (R. B. Nye, U.S.A.).
Marabu (R.N.V.R. S.C.).

19-FT. AND UNDER 30-FT. RATING : *Harrier* (R. Hunt, U.S.A.).

8-METRE CRUISER-RACERS : *Adastra X* (Sir William Acland).

UNDER 19-FT. RATING : *Mitsouko* (H. F. Gilham).

6-METRES : *May Be VII* (William L. Horton, U.S.A.).
Marletta (Colonel L. Franck and F. J. Murdoch.
Royal Thames (Royal Thames Y.C.).

5.5-METRES : *Vision* (Lieut.-Colonel R. S. G. Perry).
Yolaine (G. E. T. Eyston, J. Coles, and Air Commodore J. C. Quinnell).

INTERNATIONAL O.D. : *Susie* (D. McCowen).

DRAGONS : *Tania* (K. H. Preston and J. Raymond).

SWALLOWS : *Swift* (A. J. and S. H. Morris).
Toucantoo (Sir Geoffrey Lowles and Mrs. Vernon Stratton).

REDWINGS : *Redstart* (R. C. Nainby-Luxmoore and Miss A. Thorp).
Svalan (Mrs. M. Wood).

SUNBEAMS : *Little Lady* (H. Ian Palmer).
Why (Mrs. B. Moore).

X CLASS : *Mary Tudor* (Group Captain E. O. Grenfell).
Jewel (E. A. Phillipson).

FLYING FIFTEENS : *Frolic* (J. Chamier and H. Somerville).
Fanfare (Lieut.-Colonel Henson).

YARMOUTH O.D. : *Anthea* (Colonel C. H. Brent Good).
Pimpernel (Dr. H. Broadbent).

VICTORY CLASS : *Ilse* (F. K. Beazley).
Variety (A. Lockton).

PEOPLE ABROAD

Personalities in Unusual Surroundings in France, Singapore and Hong Kong, Argentina and Kenya

EX-KING ZOG AND HIS FAMILY ON THE RIVIERA : The former King of Albania at Cannes with his wife, Queen Geraldine, and their son, Prince Alexander. They are reported to be on their way to the United States, where King Zog has an estate on Long Island. Prince Alexander was born just two days before Mussolini's troops invaded Albania, on Good Friday, 1939. With his wife and the baby, King Zog fled the country and eventually came to settle in England.

M. DIOR TURNS PROFESSOR—A LECTURE AT THE SORBONNE : M. Christian Dior, the world-renowned couturier, is introduced to a large crowd of students and fashionably-dressed women in the Grand Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, in Paris, by Mme. Jacqueline Capelle Menou, a professor of history. M. Dior, as honorary lecturer in the philosophy of dress, addressed 1,200 foreign students who were attending a course in French Civilisation. He illustrated the lecture with some of his latest models. The mannequin *on left* is showing an evening gown with the new Y-line. M. Dior lived up to his honorary title by philosophising on fashion. Dress, he declared, exaggerated a woman's body to renew her attractions to the male. Furthermore, there are hundreds of fashion variations on a woman's body which the dress designer can adopt. The fashionably-dressed ladies were reported to be inattentive during this part of the lecture.

On right—

THE CHIEF MINISTER OF SINGAPORE VISITS THE TROOPS : Mr. David Marshall in the cookhouse at the Singapore Military Forces' Camp, where he visited Singapore national servicemen undergoing their training. The servicemen, most of them Malays, had an opportunity of speaking to the new Chief Minister during his ninety-minute tour. Afterwards Mr. Marshall said: "I am very much impressed by the cheerful spirit among the national servicemen and their keenness and enjoyment of the training."

THE GAG IS REMOVED FROM ARGENTINA'S OPPOSITION : Dr. Arturo Frondizi, leader of the Argentine Radical Party, broadcasting from Buenos Aires. This was the first broadcast by any Opposition leader that has been allowed in the Argentine since President Peron seized power nearly ten years ago. The Radicals are considered by far the most important official opposition party.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY AND HIS WIFE IN HONG KONG : Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lennox-Boyd are surrounded by small children when they visited the Tai Hang Tung resettlement estate in Kowloon. This is one of the estates on the colony which has been built to accommodate the many thousands of refugees from China living in squatters' quarters.

THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA GOES OUT TO SEE FOR HIMSELF : Sir Evelyn Baring (centre) talks with teachers of a Government African school during his fortnight's tour of Kenya's Northern Province. Looking on are, from left, Mr. Elliott, District Commissioner of Wajir ; Mr. Miles North, Northern Province Commissioner ; and Lady Baring.

"THE BIG MOUTH"

A Volcano of Supreme Geological Importance in Eruption in the Pacific

When, three years ago, fishermen off the Revilla Gigedo islands, in the Pacific Ocean, saw smoke belching from the peak of the uninhabited island of San Benedicto, they little realised that they were the first witnesses of a discovery which has turned out to be of supreme scientific importance. For it was the eruption of a volcano which has now supplied scientists with original information about the surface of the earth and the netherworld beneath it.

Dr. Robert S. Dietz, a geologist of the United States Navy Electronics Laboratory, in San Diego, carried out some observations and declared that the volcano might provide knowledge about major features in changes in the earth's crust. Later, the Scripps' Institution of Oceanography sponsored expeditions to investigate geology, biology, bathymetry and underwater sounds round San Benedicto. The parties were led by Mr. Adrian Richards. Flights were made over the island by personnel of the Institution in co-operation with the United States Navy. Then the U.S. Navy alone sent an aerial survey over the island—and the pictures on this page are one of its results.

Soon after its discovery the volcano was nicknamed "El Boqueron"—"The Big Mouth." In quiescent periods its vast crater yawns like the jaws of a monster from Hades. Perhaps one of the most important activities of the Scripps' Institution's scientists was the recording of underwater volcanic sounds. This was the first time such a feat had ever been achieved. Aircraft dropped into the ocean small radio transmitters, which broadcast the sounds.

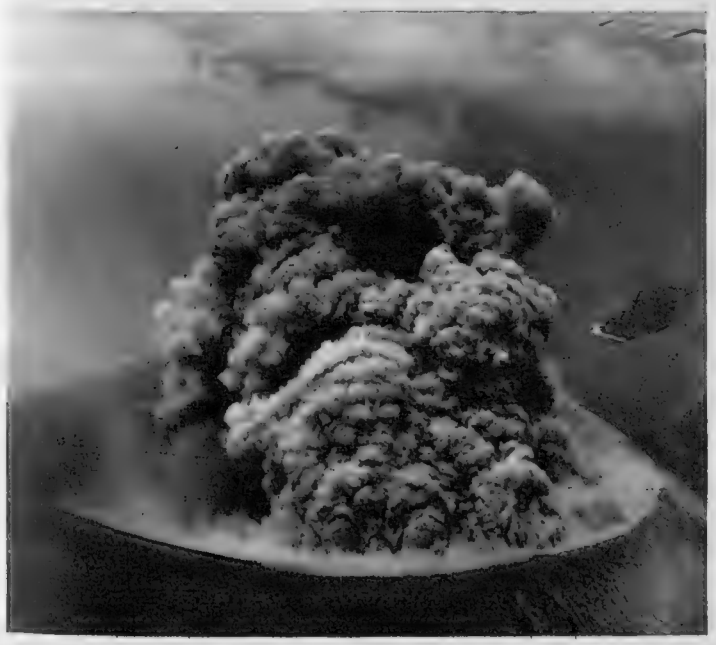
But much else has also been discovered in the fields of science related to volcanic activity, and a very careful watch has been, and is being, kept on San Benedicto.

The U.S. Navy's pictures show that the eruptions have altered the shape of the island. The cone of lava thrown up is now 1,250 ft. high, and when the crater is active a steady stream of molten death flows down the sides of the mountain, over steep cliffs into the sea. So it has come about that a remote island off the coast of Mexico has put itself on the map. "The Big Mouth" is already a name familiar to geologists all over the world and it is believed that these yawning jaws still hide many secrets of nature, which may be revealed for the benefit of mankind.

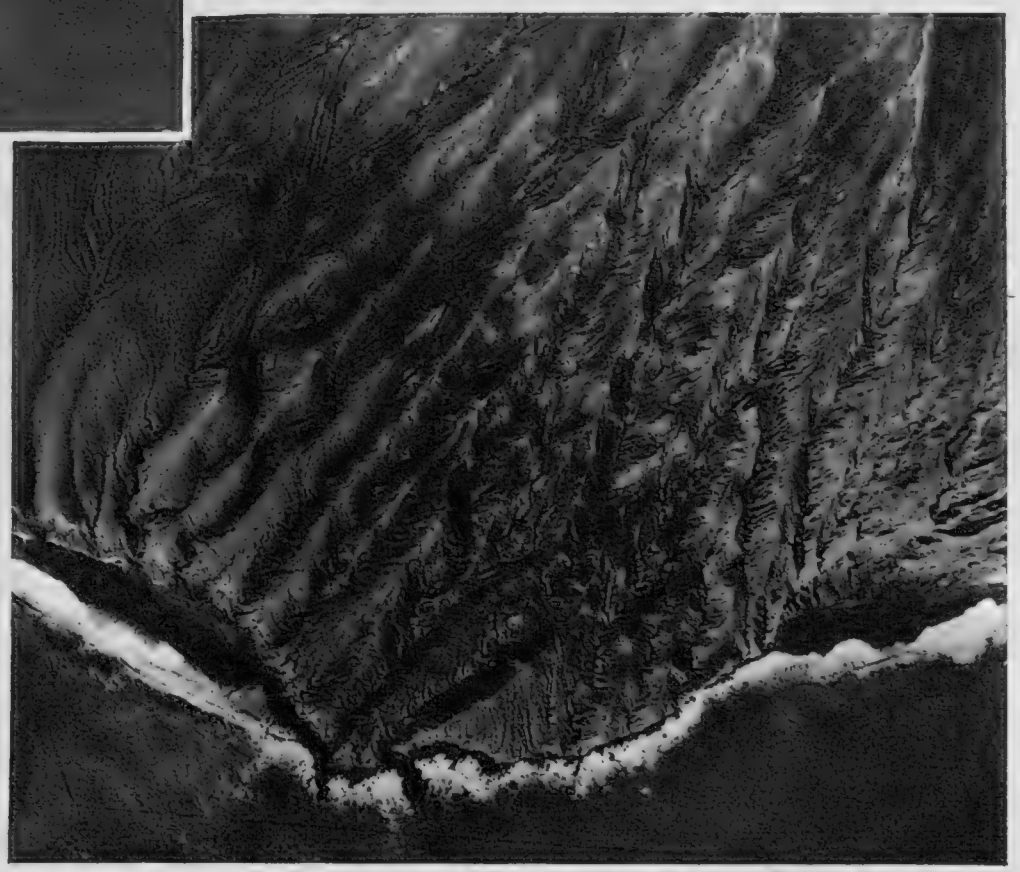
A VAST CRATER ON AN UNINHABITED ISLAND: An eruption begins from the volcano on the desert island of San Benedicto, in the Revilla Gigedo group, in the Pacific, 350 miles east of Mexico. The yawning crater explains why the volcano has been nicknamed "El Boqueron" ("The Big Mouth"). American scientists have made very important surveys here.

A SOURCE OF VITAL GEOLOGICAL DATA: This picture, and the others on this page, were taken from the air by the U.S. Navy over the volcanic island. "El Boqueron" has supplied vital scientific information.

A CONE OF DEATH: The eruptions have now built up a 1,250-ft.-high cone. The furrows down the sides are caused by deadly incandescent gases.



FROM THE BELLY OF THE EARTH: A thick cloud of smoke, steam and lava rises from deep inside the earth through "The Big Mouth" to add to the island's cone. The volcano has periods of quiescence.



THE LAVA FLOWS INTO THE SEA: Only from an aircraft could this picture be taken. For the lava, shaping itself like the foot of a nightmare mammoth, would inundate anyone on the land. The Americans dropped radio transmitters into the sea and recorded under-water volcanic sounds for the first time.

The Foreign News in Pictures

DISCUSSIONS AND ELECTIONS

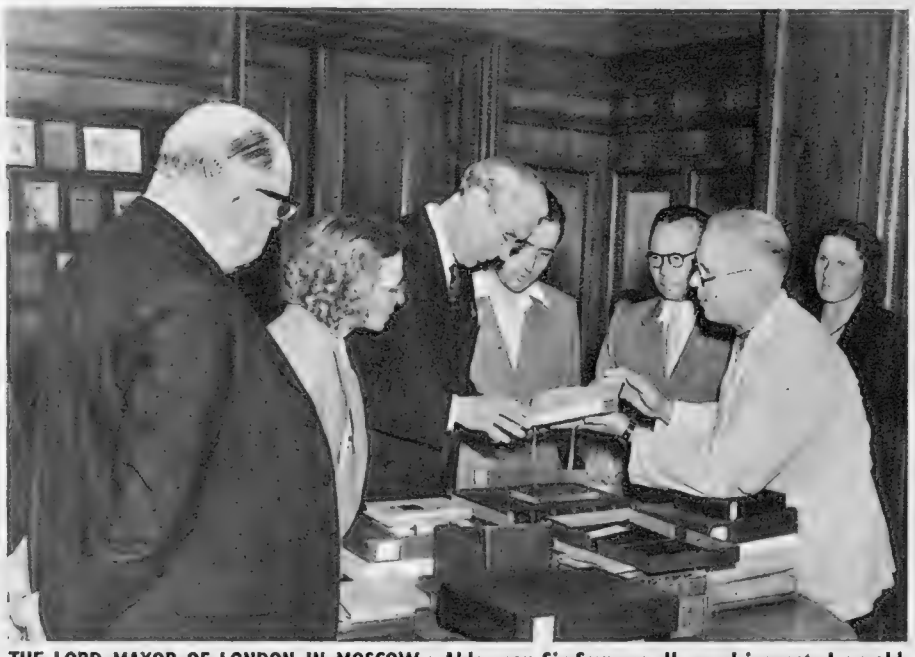
From a More Peaceful World Comes News of International Conferences and of Nations at the Polls

THE CHINESE-AMERICAN DISCUSSIONS IN GENEVA : At the conference table in the Palais des Nations are, from left, Mr. Li Huei-chuan and Mr. Lin Ping, both from the Chinese Foreign Office in Peking ; Mr. Wang Ping-nan, the Chinese Ambassador in Poland ; Mr. Alexis Johnson, American Ambassador in Czechoslovakia ; and Mr. Ralph Clough, an expert on Chinese Affairs at the State Department in Washington. These first tentative discussions between the United States and Communist China, held at ambassadorial level comparatively informally, are including the repatriation of American and Chinese nationals and the issue of Formosa and the off-shore islands in the straits. The talks received a great boost just before they began by the news that the Chinese Government would release immediately the eleven American airmen still in prison for alleged espionage.

THE CHINESE SPOKESMAN AT GENEVA : Mr. Wang Ping-nan, Communist Chinese Ambassador in Poland, arrives at the Palais des Nations for talks with American representatives.

INTREPID ASTRONAUTS FORGATHER IN COPENHAGEN : The opening meeting of the International Astronautical Federation in progress at the Technical University of Denmark, in Copenhagen. Over 150 delegates from sixteen countries attended the sixth congress of the Federation to discuss the exploration of the universe and future travel into space. This year's meeting attracted particular attention because of the announcements by the United States and Russia that earth satellites would be launched within the next two years to gather information about the rarefied upper layers of the atmosphere. Among the delegates at the conference were two Soviet observers, who made an announcement about Russia's satellites, and Professor Krafft-Ehriche, a German-born scientist, developing satellites in the United States. He said that satellites would be operating in space by 1970.

THE INTERNATIONAL QUEST TO CONQUER SPACE : The officers of the International Astronautical Federation at the congress in Copenhagen. From right are, Mr. F. C. Durant, of the United States, the president ; Professor Tabanera, of Argentina, the vice-president; and Herr J. Stemner, of Switzerland, the secretary.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN MOSCOW : Alderman Sir Seymour Howard inspected an old volume at the Lenin State Library when he paid a three-day visit to the Soviet capital last month. The Lord Mayor of London was accompanied by Mr. William T. Boston, extreme left, the City Sword Bearer. Apart from meeting officials of the Moscow Soviet, the visitors from London visited the Botanical Gardens and the underground railway.

PRINCESS IRENE OF THE NETHERLANDS RECEIVES A BIRTHDAY CAKE FROM HER FUSILIERS : Princess Irene looks at the birthday cake decorated with flowers and badges of the Netherland's birthday. At her left is Queen Juliana, and surrounding the Princess, who was sixteen last week, are officers of Princess Irene's Fusiliers, who made the presentation. The Princess is the second of the Queen's four daughters.

ISRAEL'S PRESIDENT CASTS HIS VOTE AT LAST MONTH'S POLLS : Mr. Izhak Ben-Zvai is watched by his wife as he votes in the General Election at a polling booth on the Israeli side of Jerusalem. As a result of the election the Mapai (Israel Labour Party) remain the largest single party in the Knesset, but with forty as against forty-five of the 120 seats. The chief gains were made by the extreme right-wing Heruth Party, most of them at the expense of the General Zionists. Both the extreme nationalists and religious groups made gains, so the task of forming a working coalition of moderates will be a severe one for the new Prime Minister. It is generally anticipated that Mr. Ben-Gurion, the former Premier who retired to the Negev Desert in December, 1953, will return to the helm.

FIRST ELECTIONS IN MALAYA : Election posters are prominent at this polling station in Kuala Lumpur, where a voter is seen receiving his ballot paper. *On left*—Women at a ballot box. In some constituencies women cast more than half the votes.

The first elections to be held in the Federation of Malaya took place at the end of last month, and resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Triple Alliance of the United Malays' National Organisation, the Malayan Chinese Association, and the Malayan Indian Congress. Although the victory of this Alliance was considered a foregone conclusion, nobody expected the overwhelming nature of the win. The Alliance has captured fifty-one of the fifty-two elected seats in the Legislative Council. More than 86 per cent. of the electorate voted. The leader of the Alliance, Tengku Abdul Rahman, who will form a Government, seeks independence for the Malay Federation by 1959.

THE AIRLINER OUTRAGE IN BULGARIA : A picture taken by a member of the Israel investigation team of the Israel Constellation airliner which was shot down by two Bulgarian fighters. Colonel R. G. M. Stephenson, British Military Attache in Sofia, is seen inspecting part of the tailpiece and fuselage, which were found together. According to the investigation team it appeared that the debris had been tampered with and moved. Fifty-eight people were killed when the aircraft, belonging to the Israel airline El Al, crashed. The airliner, which was on its way to Tel Aviv from London, was alleged to have been off course. The Bulgarian Government admitted full responsibility, undertook to pay compensation, and promised to punish those responsible and to ensure that there would be no repetition of the outrage.

THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE THANKS ALASKAN ESKIMOS : Colonel William E. Boyd, Deputy Commander of the 11th Air Division, congratulates Mr. Winfred James, director of the ground observer corps of Cambell village, on a beach on St. Lawrence Island, Alaska. Behind are other members of the Eskimo observer corps who received citations for their prompt rescue of members of the crew of a United States Navy aircraft which crashed off the island after being hit by Russian gunfire in June. The Eskimos are seen leaning against the boat used in the rescue.

A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR THE EGYPTIAN REPUBLIC—THE 70-TON STATUE OF RAMSES II FINDS ITS FEET IN CAIRO : The statue, which is 3,000 years old, is set up in the square outside the Egyptian capital's main railway station on the occasion of the third anniversary of the Egyptian Army revolution. The statue once stood outside the temple at Memphis, but for many years now it has lain prostrate. It was described by the Greek historian Herodotus in the fifth century B.C., and is one of the few remaining relics of Memphis. The removal of the statue to Cairo was taken as an opportunity to restore it extensively at a cost of £100,000.

AGROUND OFF MALTA

One is Drowned, but Seventy are Saved from a Ship on a Reef

The 1,131-ton *Star of Malta*, out of Syracuse, in Sicily, was nearing the port of Valetta, in Malta, through a thick mist. It was about eight o'clock in the morning and the bulk of passengers were sitting down to breakfast. Suddenly the ship shuddered and took a list to starboard. In an orderly manner the passengers and crew made their way to the deck. Soon it became known that they had struck a reef near Grand Harbour.

Calls for help were shouted through the mist and the first to reach the ship in distress were two Servicemen in a small boat. One was Captain Derek Baynham, G.C., of the Royal Signals, and the other Marine David Logan. Captain Baynham won the award as a boy of seventeen for trying to rescue a R.A.F. pilot from the sea off the coast of Britain.

By the time they arrived some of the *Star of Malta's* complement had taken to the boats, others were swimming ashore. All survived except one member of the crew, the second cook, who was trapped beneath the hull. Captain Baynham and Marine Logan managed to get his body out, but application of artificial respiration showed it was too late.

When the mist cleared it was seen that the ship was only a few hundred yards from the shore. Police pinnaces, launches, private yachts and Royal Marine frogmen, with a naval helicopter hovering above, went ahead with the work of salvage.

ON A REEF IN GRAND HARBOUR : The British ship M.V. *Star of Malta* lies on her side near Grand Harbour, in Malta. Rescue launches are standing by. She had struck a reef in a thick mist. Seventy passengers and crew swam ashore or were picked up. One man—the second cook—was drowned. The *Star of Malta* (1,131 tons) was coming to the Island from Syracuse, in Sicily, carrying mails.

THE BOATS ARE LOWERED : Passengers from the *Star of Malta* go over the side in the boats after the grounding. On the sea in the background is other life-saving equipment.

HALF-CAPSIZED : The vessel is settled in the water. Strenuous efforts were made to save the whole of the ship's complement, but unfortunately the one life was lost. This man might have been saved but for the thick mist which hindered the rescue operations.

A NAVAL HELICOPTER OVER THE WRECK : Aircraft of the Royal Naval Air Service went to the help of the *Star of Malta*. On the side of the ship are some of those who went out from Malta to assist in the rescue, and the immediate salvage work. Private yachts played their part in this.

CARGO ON THE SURFACE : Fruit floats from the hold of the ship. First to reach her in distress were Captain Derek Baynham, G.C., Royal Signals, of Walton-on-Thames, and Marine David Logan, of Manchester.

GOODS TRAINS OF THE AIR

Freighter Aircraft from Both Sides of the Atlantic are Used for Transporting Other Aircraft

AN AIRCRAFT-CARRYING AIRCRAFT : *Above* and *on left*—The complete fuselage, engine and tail boom of a Westland Whirlwind helicopter is prepared for loading into the gigantic Blackburn Beverley freighter. The Beverley will carry the helicopter to Idris Airport, in Libya, where both aircraft are to undergo tropical trials. In addition to the fuselage, the freighter carried all the remaining parts of the helicopter, including the rotors and a complete set of spares. Also on board were spares for the Beverley and twenty-three passengers, including technicians and pilots from the R.A.F., the Blackburn and General Aircraft Company and the Westland Aircraft Company.

LOADING IS ALMOST COMPLETED : By careful manœuvring the helicopter is pushed slowly into the fuselage. *Above, right*—In place at last. The Whirlwind fits snugly into the freight compartment, with plenty of room to spare for the rotors and spare parts. In addition to its freight load, the Beverley can carry forty-two passengers in the tail boom over the freight compartment. The Beverley has a pay-load of nearly 43,000 lb. on journeys of 500 miles. If shorter stages are flown the pay-load can be increased to 46,800 lb. An initial order of twenty of these large freighters was placed for the R.A.F., but this has since been increased.

On right—

A BEAVER GOES INTO A BOX CAR : A Canadian-built de Havilland Beaver communications aircraft belonging to the U.S. Air Force is loaded into a Fairchild C-119 G "Flying Box-Car" for transport to Nasarssuak Air Force Base, in Greenland. The "Flying Box-Car" is a twin-engined transport which has been in service with the U.S.A.F. since the end of the war and which can carry up to 28,000 lb. of freight. The C-119 G model shown here is one of the latest modifications.

RAISING MONEY ON THE VILLAGE GREEN

Country People are Adept at Raising Money and they Still Help Charities by the Well-established Village Fete, Sale of Work, "Bring and Buy" Sale and the Jumble Sale

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

SOME perceptive man (I believe that it was George Bernard Shaw) once remarked that the rural population of Britain lived charitably.

He was not suggesting that there is more Christian love of one's fellow-man in rural than in urban Britain. He was not, I feel sure, suggesting that the British countryman has a greater freedom from censoriousness than his urban counterpart. (If he was, then he was singularly ignorant of country people. The reverse, in fact, is probably the truth, since the countryman has fewer outside interests to distract him and, therefore, more time to devote to the study of his neighbours' social habits.) He was certainly not referring to the subsidies which support our agricultural industry. No, I think that he had some understanding of the countryman's genius for helping the helpless (which is one definition of charity) and of his firm acceptance of the truth of the old adage that charity begins at home.

Let there be no mistake about this: we, country people, are adept at raising money. And we do so for an astonishing number of causes, living and lost, in an astonishing number of ways. This aspect of British rural life—and the unwritten, but none the less rigid, codes of behaviour which surround it—does not, it seems to me, receive the consideration it deserves from the sociologists.

One of the oldest established methods of raising money in rural Britain is an institution known, not very accurately, as a "Sale of Work." This may be said to stand at the head of all the many methods used, for it has about it a high moral tone. I cannot, of course, speak for the whole country, but in my part of England no one would dream of promoting a Sale of Work in support of any frivolous object nor, indeed, for anything so down-to-earth as, for example, new gear for the village cricket team. (In point of fact, that is a bad example: the English villager has the technique of the vice-president at his finger-tips and elects his vice-presidents—usually without asking them first—with an eye to such emergencies as this.)

Sales of Work, in my experience, are invariably held in support of some "good cause," which may vary from the funds of the parish church (probably an annual event) to a positively amazing assortment of missionary endeavour in every conceivable corner of the world.

As I know it, the Sale of Work is organised, more often than not, by a single-minded and vigorous spinster. It is true that there is a committee. But it is usually a committee only in name—there for the look of the thing—since it is not elected but hand-picked (from the more timid married women of the community) by the organiser herself. This, though undemocratic, is sound policy, since it is probably the organiser alone who has the cause strongly at heart. Except, that is, when the occasion is in aid of the church funds. Then the parson is vitally interested. But he has learnt the wisdom of non-interference when a callow curate.

A Sale of Work does, in fact, require a great deal of organising over a period of many weeks, and great determination on the part of the organiser. Tradition has it that a Sale of Work must be opened officially. For this ceremony a leading lady of the neighbourhood, and preferably one with a title, is regarded as essential. The parson must also make a tactful speech and must be reminded to name the members of the committee individually. If, however, the sale is for some missionary cause, a leading gentleman, preferably with a title or with a high rank and, if possible, with service in some distant part of the earth, is considered a better draw than a leading lady. If a missionary, home on leave, can be enticed to "say a few words" about his experiences, so much the better.

Despite its long and honourable history, and despite the countryman's genius for making a festival out of buying and selling, Sales of Work are invariably dreadfully dreary affairs. Weather permitting, they are held in beautiful gardens, the stalls are prettily arranged and the goods offered for sale are always of a high standard, but the whole thing is as dull as ditchwater from start to finish. Everyone is on best behaviour and no one shows a spark of enthusiasm. And yet, I do not think that I have ever known a Sale of Work the takings of which did not "beat last year's record."

Closely akin to the Sale of Work is the "Bring and Buy Sale." This, too, is usually associated with some good cause and rarely (never, so far as I know, in my neighbourhood) with mundane everyday affairs of the village. The title explains the method. Everybody is supposed to bring something to sell and to buy something to take away. Some very odd objects appear on the stalls, and you can sometimes pick up a real bargain at a Bring and Buy. There is also the added interest of trying to guess the owner of this or that oddity or monstrosity. Since everyone in our village knows almost everything about everybody else, one would imagine that there could be few surprises. But we do not know each other's attics. I picked up a very nice piece of Flight Worcester at a Bring and Buy in our village last summer, and I never neglect a Bring and Buy if I can possibly help it.

All this—the guesswork and the possibility of a bargain—makes for keenness. No well-run Bring and Buy is ever dull, though it is always well-behaved as befits an occasion connected with a good cause. The good cause varies, of course, with the inclination of the promoter—from the Darby and Joan Club to Homes for Old Horses. The most successful Bring and Buy for many years past, perhaps for all time in the village in which I live, was held a couple of years or so ago in aid of a home for "fallen women." Appropriately, there was a quite remarkable lack of restraint on this occasion.

Mention of "lack of restraint" brings me naturally to the Jumble Sale. Nobody could call either the Sale of Work or the Bring and Buy popular. Except for that one notable occasion, they are well attended, but mainly from a sense of corporate duty, and then largely by the better-to-do. The Jumble Sale, on the other hand, is a wildly (I use the word advisedly) popular occasion. For days beforehand, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, and any other children that can be roped in, tour the village and the outlying hamlets, knocking at every door and collecting anything which is absolutely beyond use by its owner—and an article has to be very far gone indeed to be beyond use in the countryside.

A BERKSHIRE BOROUGH CELEBRATES 800 YEARS OF HISTORY: The market square of Wallingford, which will be the scene, later this month, of celebrations in connection with the 800th anniversary of the granting of the Borough's Charter by King Henry II. Among the celebrations arranged on August 25, 26 and 27 is a historical pageant. In the background of this picture is the tower of the church of St. Mary le More.

These things are piled on tables around the village hall and behind the tables stand the sale-helpers, wedged against the wall. There is no formal opening: there is not time. Directly the doors are opened the village bursts in. Mostly the crowd is armed with large shopping baskets, but I have before now seen those with sacks. They fight over the tables, grabbing for the best things, turning everything over. The Jumble Sale is a riot, enormous fun, and a huge financial success. Unfortunately, you cannot have more than one a year.

In my youth a dance was a certain money-spinner. Dances were held then to raise money for all sorts of outings, for a Christmas party for the old folk, a day at the seaside for the children, and so on. There has not been a dance in the village hall for years now. It's a big village now, and no distance from a town. The youths and maidens go off to the town cinemas and to the town "hops": they would not dream of dancing to a brass band in the village hall. The only times they dance in the village are at the Fetes.

The old-time village dances, I remember, were very proper affairs. The girls sat on hard wooden chairs arranged along the walls, and whispered and giggled: the boys gathered in a group by the door, and whispered and giggled, self-conscious in their best suits. When the band struck up, boy and girl would dance: as soon as the music stopped the girls would return to their chairs and the boys to the door, with never a word to each other, as though they were complete strangers. And when the dance was over, the boys would slouch off in a group and the girls mince off in two's and three's. It seemed to take years for couples to pair off, to brave the stares and whistles of their friends. It is very like that with the Saturday night dances in the town, at least so far as the village youth is concerned. There is still the sudden silent separation as the music stops, and on the bus back boy sits with boy and girl with girl. How different is the Fete.

Actually we have several fetes during the summer, promoted by the various religious denominations. And we go to all of them. But the big one is the Grange Fete, which is rather loosely associated with the Established Church. It is held this month, but preparations for it began last August. Preparations for next year's fete always do begin as soon as this year's is over.

I know a little about all these fetes, because I have over the years opened all of them. It has, in fact, needed strenuous evasive action on my part to limit my active connection with them to an occasional opening. I happen to be the president of the British Fairground Society, and this is taken to mean that I am *ipso facto* an expert on fetes and everything to do with them. Evasive action is not, therefore, as simple as it may sound. I find it extraordinarily difficult to convince the parson's wife, or the butcher's wife, or whoever, that the position I hold in the fairground world does not qualify me to take charge of the skittles or the treasure-hunt, the children's fancy-dress or the mothers' egg-and-spoon race.

The proceeds of this fete, after the very small expenses have been deducted, go to an orphanage. They have done so ever since the fete started, so everybody is very keen to see that at the least they do not fall below those of previous years. Perhaps that is why the fete is run by a committee—everybody knows that two heads are better than one. The Rector is *ex-officio* chairman. "Ex" is the operative word. The Rector is a very wise man. He turns up for the first meeting, when he congratulates everyone on the splendid work done last year, and then not again until the last meeting of all, the one before the great occasion, and then he just says "Splendid, splendid" to everything. If you went to that meeting only, you would think that everything had gone swimmingly all along. In fact, the arguments began when the preparations began—last August. And, by Christmas, half the committee is not on speaking terms with the other half. Fortunately for the fete and the orphanage the composition of the two halves is always changing.

Take the band, for instance. There must be a band—for the fete itself and for the dancing that takes place afterwards. There are two bands in the neighbourhood, a brass one and a silver one. The trombone in the brass one is always flat: the cornet in the silver one is always sharp. Otherwise they are just about the same, and the fee is the same for both. Obviously the choice depends on whether you have a preference for an out-of-tune trombone or an out-of-tune cornet, and the arguments about this can go on for months—and do. But the silver band always gets the job. There are four teetotallers in the silver band. So far as observation goes (and the ladies on the committee are very observant) there are no teetotallers in the brass band. It is not that the committee holds strong views about alcoholic liquor. It does not. But this is very important. The band has to be entertained, especially during the dancing, and it is very much cheaper to entertain the silver band.

There is, you will observe, more to arranging a fete than meets the eye.

It is the same with pretty well everything else, except the produce stalls—home-made jams and pickles, tea-cosies, embroidered tea-cloths, and so on, and the wildflower competitions for the children. They sort themselves out all right, and the jumble stall is, of course, always a winner. But the sideshows!

Take the "Guessing the Weight of the Cake." Mrs. A. has baked this cake for the past fifteen years at least. It is well known to be uneatable, and to be much heavier than any other cake in all the county. There is always a very strong underground movement to get rid of Mrs. A. But Mrs. A. will bake the cake again this year, and on the day you would never guess that a bitter struggle had raged over eleven months about her and her leaden concoction.

And so it goes on. Everyone on the committee has ideas. Every single one of the officials in charge of this or that sideshow has critics. And there are always one or two go-ahead souls who want to make a clean sweep of the whole boiling—except their own part, of course. But the last committee meeting of all will go as smoothly and as quickly as paraffin oil down a cat.

On the day, everyone will be all smiles. And the crowds will turn up just the same as usual. It will all be just the same as last year and the year before and all the years before. In fact, it will be a tremendous success and the orphanage will benefit handsomely. It always does. Which is as it should be, when you remember how hard the committee works. Let there be no mistake about it: we are adept at raising money.

Birthday Cheers for the Queen Mother

London Crowds Greet Her Majesty on Her Fifty-fifth Birthday

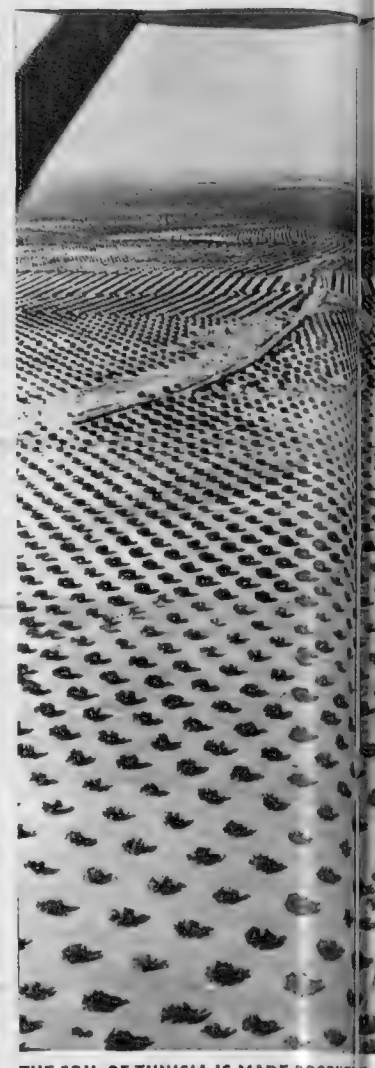
AN EARLY VISITOR TO QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ON HER FIFTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY : Princess Anne drives to Clarence House to greet her grandmother. Prince Charles accompanied his sister.

THE QUEEN MOTHER ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHEERS OF A CROWD OF WELL-WISHERS OUTSIDE CLARENCE HOUSE : In this picture and *above, on left*, she is seen waving from a window, where she appeared on two occasions with Prince Charles and Princess Anne. About 500 people were gathered outside Clarence House and on each occasion when Her Majesty appeared at the window they sang "Happy Birthday to you, Queen Mother." During the day Royal salutes were fired in Hyde Park by the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, and by the Honourable Artillery Company at the Tower of London. Flags were flown on public buildings and warships in home ports were dressed overall. In response to a message from the Lord Mayor of London Her Majesty said "I have been deeply touched by the very kind message which I have received from you to-day, and I send to you and the citizens of London my warmest thanks for their good wishes."

On left—

A FAMILY PARTY AT THE THEATRE : The Queen leads the way from the New Theatre, where members of the Royal Family had attended a performance of *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker*. The Duke of Edinburgh, who accompanied the Queen, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, had travelled back from Cowes where he had been taking part in the Regatta. Shouts of "Happy Birthday" were heard as the Queen Mother went to her car.

A GREAT ENGINEERING PROJECT TRANSFORMS A BARREN COUNTRYSIDE INTO A FERTILE LAND : Among the mountains of Tunisia stands the Oued Mellègue, or Nebeur Dam, which controls the waters of the River Medjerdah. It produces irrigation for 86,487 acres of hitherto barren land, as well as 18,000,000 kilowatt-hours annually. The dam is 215 ft. high and 1,550 ft. in width, and contains 900,000 cu. ft. of concrete.



THE SOIL OF TUNISIA IS MADE PRODUCTIVE : Tunisia, where 26,000,000 olive [illegible] 45,000 tons of olive oil is produced a

THE TUNISIA BUILT BY FRANCE

As the North African Protectorate Embarks on Home Rule it is Worth Recalling the Tremendous Advances made there in the Last Ten Years

Tunisia is the first of the French territories in North Africa to be granted a considerable measure of Home Rule. To answer the question why this Regency, rather than Morocco or Algeria, should have been singled out, requires a study of the history, contemporary politics, economics and religious and racial alignments in the three countries. But part of the answer must surely lie in the pictures reproduced on these pages, which show a development in all phases of Tunisian life which could hold its own with that in any of the overseas dependencies of the colonial Powers.

Whatever the reasons for it, there can be little doubt that Tunisia, the smallest of the North African territories, received the lion's share of attention from the administrations in Paris after the war. But even before 1945 the Free French Government had set about rehabilitating the country after its liberation in 1943—a task made urgent by the ravages of war and the necessity of retaining the goodwill of the local population for the Allied cause. Then, in 1948, there was inaugurated the Four-Year Plan for Tunisia, and it is the fruit of this plan which to-day testifies to the foresight of the French administrators, and which has made possible the recent political changes. The plan covers every aspect of Tunisian economic and social life, but some idea of its success can be gained from following the progress made in five main fields—water power and irrigation, the planting of new trees, the use of agricultural machinery, housing, and the reconstruction of ports.

The total annual rainfall in Tunisia covers barely one-sixteenth of the total area of the country, leaving a vast barren or semi-barren zone. Moreover, the northern region gets so much rainfall that large tracts of land become quickly flooded and marshy. The problem is, therefore, to prevent floods in the north, and to utilise those excess waters for the benefit of the southern and central regions which need them. Two large dams, perhaps the two largest single projects in the whole Plan, have been built to control the waters of the north and irrigate the barren country. These are the Ben Métir Dam, on El Lil wadi, and the Nebeur Dam, on Mellègue wadi.

The Ben Métir Dam is situated in the Kroumirie region, which has the heaviest annual rainfall in all Tunisia. The dam holds 262,000,000 cu. ft. of water, which is turbined inside a hydro-electric plant at the foot of the dam, and after being purified and sterilised is eventually directed to Tunis as drinking-water supply for the population through a pipeline 87 miles long. Eventually, also, the El Lil hydro-electric plant at Fernana will have an annual production of 20,000,000 kwh.

The Nebeur Dam has to supply the flows required for irrigation in the parched Medjerdah Valley in the south. This dam, provides a reservoir which will eventually be able to accumulate 1,100,000,000 cu. ft. of water, so that an area of 86,487 acres in the lower Medjerdah Valley will be irrigated. At the same time, the electric power station at Nebeur will produce 18,000,000 kwh. of electricity annually.

One of the first results of this irrigation has been the development of agriculture in the southern and central areas, and the planting of olive trees and shrubs, in particular. The olive tree thrives in Tunisian soil, but nowadays it takes considerable investment to start a new plantation. In order to encourage the planting of trees and to increase the production of olive oil, the French Government instituted, after the war, a system of loans to tide planters over until the first crop. Even in the bad years Tunisia produced up to 45,000 tons of olive oil, nearly half of which was exported, a far greater proportion than that achieved by any other Middle East country. With the great plans for increased planting it may be expected that the country's economy will benefit appreciably from the larger exports of olive oil.

Agriculture is the life-blood of Tunisia and its population, so it is not surprising that the chief efforts on the part of the administration lie in that direction. The mechanisation of Tunisian agriculture is taking place in two ways : one, the irrigation projects in parched lands; the other, the improvement in agricultural machinery, and improved equipment for storage and the treatment of agricultural products. The figures of agricultural machinery supplied through the Four-Year Plan are eloquent enough to speak for themselves. In that period 1,658 wheel tractors were supplied, as well as 1,222 caterpillar tractors, representing a total of 85,000 h.p. Another 7,726 machines of different kinds have also been supplied, among them 884 harvest-binding machines.

French colonial architecture has always been renowned, and those responsible for the great housing schemes in the cities of Tunisia are worthy followers of a fine tradition. With a population that has doubled in size in the past twenty years the problems of housing are vast, and the damage caused to 18,000 buildings during the war has added to these problems. By

THE NEW LOOK WHICH TUNIS IS GETTING : One of the very modern apartment houses which have been built by the authorities. The cost of construction in Tunisia is exceptionally low, and this has contributed to the success of the housing schemes. At the same time, rents are deliberately high.

STATE CONSTRUCTION IN [illegible] Tunis, which is b[illegible] problems facing the

: An aerial view of an area in southern
ubs were planted. Even in bad years
annually, and half of this is exported.

HOUSING THE RAPIDLY-GROWING POPULATION OF TUNIS : The new State housing area at Tunis-El Menzah, just outside the Tunisian capital. In the past twenty years the population of Tunis has doubled in size, and is now about 750,000. French planning and investment have put up more than 2,000 blocks of flats in the capital since the war providing accommodation for all the different races living in Tunisia.

N TRADITIONAL STYLE FOR TUNISIAN NATIVES : The estate at El Omrane, near built for Tunisian ex-servicemen and their families after the war. One of the ne Tunisian Administration was the repair of 18,000 buildings damaged in the war.

PORTS ARE THE LIFELINES OF THE COUNTRY : A view of La Goulette, the modern port of Tunis, which is capable of handling 1,000,000 tons of traffic a year. All the chief ports of Tunisia—La Goulette, Sfax, Sousse and Bizerta—were severely damaged during the war, and have been extensively rebuilt.

encouraging private enterprise in the form of giving premiums and guarantees, and maintaining profit-making rents, and by keeping the cost of building down to an exceptionally low level, nearly 3,000 urban dwellings were built under the Four-Year Plan. The pictures on these pages show some of the fine new flats in and near Tunis, great housing estates for people of all races.

If agriculture is the life-blood of the country, ports and communications are the lifeline, and a considerable proportion of the money devoted to the Plan has been allocated to improving these. All the ports suffered severe damage during the war, and the railways and postal communications were a little out of date. In the four years of the Plan these have become as modern as any in the Middle East.

Thus by vision and enterprise the French administration has provided the ground on which eventual independence from France can be successfully built. Far from sitting back after the Four-Year Plan, the administration has embarked on the Second Plan, 1953–56. When that has been completed the moderate elements who, it is hoped, will rule Tunisia, will be in a fine position to create, with French co-operation, an exemplary modern State. In the words of the great Tunisian leader, Habib Bourguiba, they will have gained independence through interdependence.

MODERN MACHINERY IS USED ON TUNISIAN FARMS : There are two sides to the improvements being made in Tunisian agricultural methods. One is the better supply and distribution of water, and the other the improved and extended use of agricultural machinery of the type seen in this harvesting picture ; 884 harvest-binding machines have been supplied.

FENCES FROM THE AIR

Successful Experiments have been Carried out in New Zealand in Dropping Fencing Materials on to New Hill-Farming Country

Experiments have recently been carried out in New Zealand in dropping posts and other fencing materials from the air on to high and inaccessible hills. A research group, consisting of representatives of the New Zealand Government's Air Department, the Soil Conservation and Rivers Control Council, the Department of Agriculture and the de Havilland Aircraft Company of New Zealand, has for some time been at work on the project. Earlier this year they were able to stage a public demonstration at Porirua, in the Takapu Road district near Tawa Flat, and it was in these South Island hills that the pictures on this page were taken.

The need for dropping fencing materials from aircraft has arisen from the great programme of expansion for New Zealand agriculture over the past few years. Large tracts of land, hitherto considered impracticable for farmers, have been brought into use. Hills which were inaccessible by foot were farmed by air: top dressing, for example, was put down aerially. Not only were new tracts of land opened to farmers, but what was once scarcely productive is now a source of wealth. As a result, an estimated 250,000 miles of fencing is needed in this "high country."

The de Havilland Company made available a Beaver aircraft, which was fitted with five racks under its wings and fuselage. Experiments showed that both the Canterbury fence, which consists of angle-iron posts and wire, and wooden posts could be dropped without smashing or losing them. It was found that one of the most difficult items to drop was a coil of wire. If coils were dropped singly, they bent or rolled far from where they were needed. In the end experiments revealed that if several coils were slid round a 5-gallon paint drum and secured to it, the fall would break the bundle, but the coils would always lie intact near the point of impact.

PREPARING THE GROUND FOR A DEMONSTRATION: Markers traverse the hilly country at Porirua, near Tawa Flat, in New Zealand's South Island. They guided the aircraft during the demonstration of dropping fences from the air on hilly farmlands.

A BEAVER AIRCRAFT IN ACTION: *On left*—Barbed wire is dropped from the port side. The coils of wire are packed around an empty drum, which, on landing, takes the force of the impact, the wire remaining intact. *On right*—The aeroplane drops a load of battens and staples which it carried under its starboard wing.

THE MATERIALS ARE MADE READY: Trials have shown that both the Canterbury fence, with angle-iron posts and wires, and wooden posts can be dropped.

FITTING-UP ON THE AIRCRAFT: Stock-yard posts 11 ft. in length are fitted to the wing of a Beaver. The aircraft is equipped with five racks under its wings and fuselage.

ON TARGET—POSTS, BATTENS AND WIRE ARE SCATTERED ALONG THE LINE OF MARKERS AFTER THE DROP: It has been estimated that 250,000 miles of fencing is needed as a result of high country in New Zealand being brought into production for the first time, or into greater production as a result of better facilities.

Prawns on a Record Run

Phenomenal Catches this Year have Brought Unprecedented Prosperity to the Trawlermen off Evans Head, in New South Wales

This year the fishermen who go out from Evans Head and Ballina have discovered a fabulously rich prawning-ground two miles off the New South Wales coast. The area is thirty miles square, and last June the run of prawns there was the greatest ever known, bringing a new prosperity to trawlermen and workers ashore. Normally boats could take 1,000 lb. in a twelve-hour day, but limited their catches to 800 lb. because the co-operative cooking installations at Evans Head could not handle more. Then last June, quite suddenly, the prawns were "on" in vast numbers. Seventy boats fished the area, their hands made up to £45 a week and their owners small fortunes. The cookery on shore was expanded and took on more hands to work a 24-hour day, so as to be able to deal with 50,000 lb. daily. And in Sydney prawn-eaters were able to buy the fish twenty-four hours after they had been cooked at 3s. a lb., instead of the 6s. 6d. they were accustomed to pay. No one quite knows why prawns go "on" and "off" so unpredictably, or, indeed, where they go to when they are "off." Fishing prawns is a hazardous business, but this year at any rate it has proved itself to be worth the gamble.

THE RACE FOR THE PRAWNING-GROUNDS: With her net dropped and trailing at the stern, this trawler heads north from Evans Head, New South Wales, to the record-breaking prawning-grounds off the Australian coast. The nets, about 10 ft. long, are attached to otter boards, which keep them on the bottom of the sea.

On right—

A GOOD HAUL: The slip-noose of the net is released and into the sorting-trough aboard the trawler is spilled the catch.

A GOOD FULL NET IS HAULED ABOARD: The prawns are hauled on to a trawler. An average "shot" of a net produces 200 lb. of prawns, which are then poured into the sorting-troughs or on to the deck if there is no trough.

THE NET IS QUICKLY CAST AGAIN: While the previous catch awaits sorting, the crew drop the net for another haul. Each shot takes about an hour, and sorting fifteen minutes, so that the crew rest before the net is hauled in.

WHERE THE PRAWNS GO INTO A COMMON POOL TO BE COOKED: The catches are hauled into the co-operative at Evans Head, where they are weighed in tubs. They then go into a common pool to be cooked for 2½ minutes and then packed in ice.

AN AID TO SKIERS IN SCOTLAND : *Above*—A general view of the line of the ski tow coming upwards from its base terminal on the slope of Meall a' Bhuiridh, at the eastern entrance to Glen Coe. In its construction, which has cost £5,000, the Scottish Ski Club has overcome great difficulties. *Left*—A member of the Scottish Ski Club demonstrates the use of the "chair" which will tow skiers over about half-a-mile in an ascent of 1,000 ft. *Below*—The base terminal is constructed over the hut housing the 36-h.p. Diesel engine which provides power for the tow. The first ski tow in Britain will be ready for use next winter and be available to members of the Scottish Ski Club.

THE FIRST SKI TOW IN BRITAIN

Scottish Enterprise has Achieved a Remarkable Engineering Feat in the Highlands for the Benefit of Winter Sportsmen

Those who go to the Alps and other Continental winter sports centres expect to find ski tows for their convenience as a matter of course. But Britain has been sadly lacking in these essentials, which save so much time and energy and enable skiers to give of their best by starting their runs without being tired by long climbs carrying their equipment. Now the omission has at least been rectified in one of the best British winter sports centres—on Meall a' Bhuiridh, in Glen Coe, in the Highlands of Scotland.

The Scottish Ski Club have carried out an astonishing feat of construction. Its members spent four years in planning and research before they were ready to set about a most formidable task. The necessary building material and equipment had to be taken from the old Glen Coe road some 1,300 ft. up an old track, and only a "Weasel" type of tracked carrier was found to be capable of doing this. Then from the base terminal the overhead tow was stretched upwards over about half-a-mile in an ascent of some 1,000 ft.

The cost is reckoned at about £5,000, raised mainly by members and from the Scottish Council for Physical Recreation. Probably double this sum would have been required but for the generosity of various manufacturing firms, which offered much of the equipment either on an on-cost basis or for nothing.

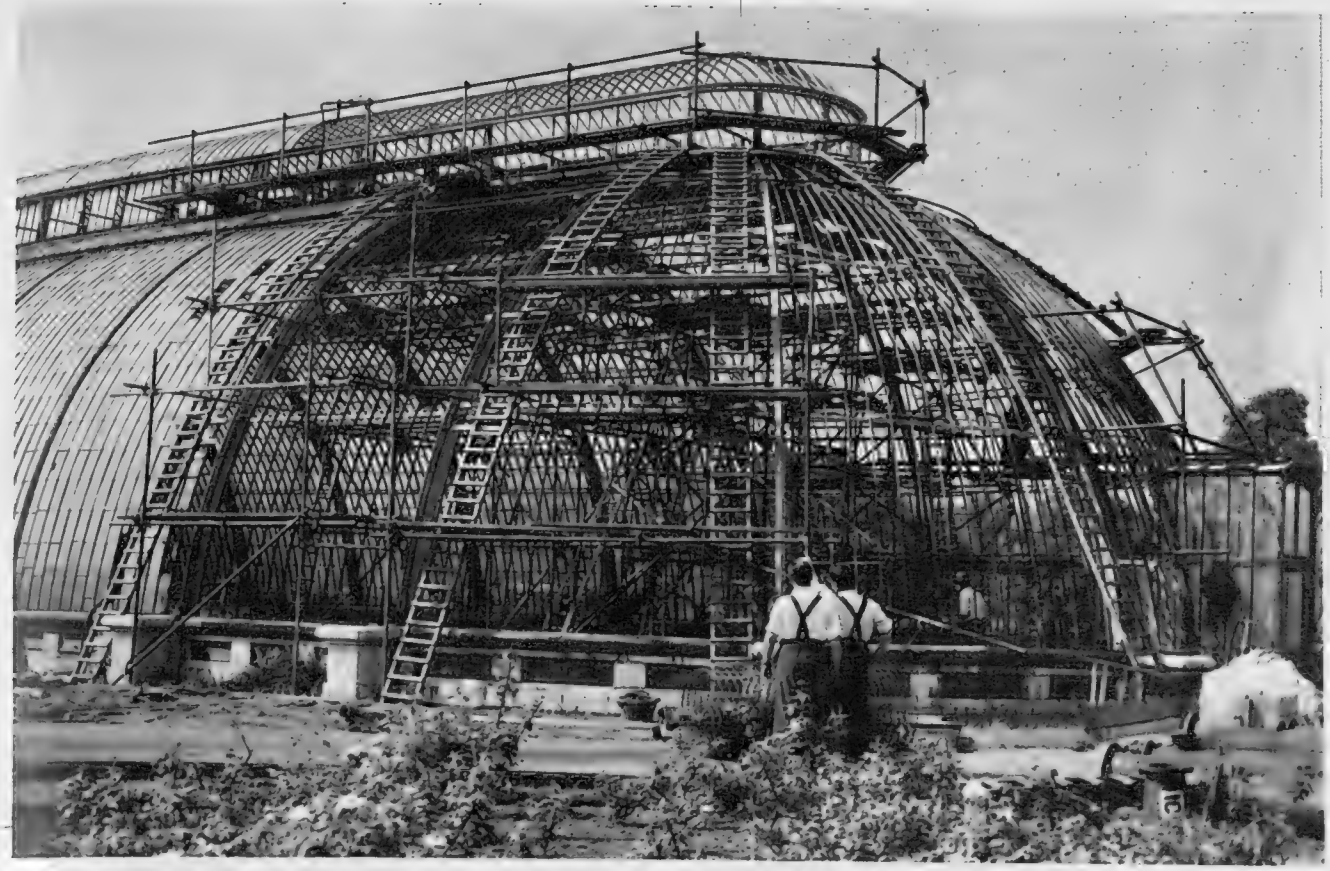
Now, as a result of this co-operative spirit and the enterprise of the Scottish Ski Club, those visiting Meall a' Bhuiridh next winter will find the tow ready to give 240 lifts per hour, or one every fifteen seconds. It is the property of the Scottish Ski Club and its use will be confined to members. One of the reasons for this limitation is that it avoids liability for income tax, but subscription to the Club is modest and new members are welcome.

The tow will undoubtedly make ski-ing more comfortable, and it may well help to raise the standard of British ski-ing in international competitions.

Until about a quarter of a century ago, British skiers could compete on equal terms with those from any other country. The decline in their standards since then may be due to the lack at home of such modern facilities as lifts and tows. These are essential for the maximum practice. Glen Coe may start a British ski-ing revival.

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

PICTURES OF RECENT EVENTS AND DEVELOPMENTS FROM LONDON, CAMBRIDGE, NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK



On left—

CORONATION ARCHES STRENGTHEN THE PALM HOUSE AT KEW: Repair work is carried out on the Palm House at Kew Gardens, which has been closed to the general public for the past year. The building, which was designed by Decimus Burton and completed in 1848, was judged to be unsafe, and workmen have been giving it a thorough overhaul. To help strengthen the structure, the large arches which decorated the Mall during Coronation year have been incorporated into the skeleton of the building. Work is proceeding well and it is hoped that the Palm House will be reopened to the public by the end of the year.

THE **BEST-KEPT VILLAGE IN SUFFOLK:** A peaceful corner of the village of Grundisburgh, which has been adjudged the best-kept village in the county. The village competition was arranged by the Rural Community Council.

A PAGEANT IN CAMBRIDGE: Some of the dancers who, wearing gaily-coloured costumes, took part in the "Stourbridge Fair" in the grounds of St. John's College, Cambridge. The Fair took the form of a pageant showing some of the milestones in the history of Cambridge, played at five separate performances on consecutive days. The proceeds from the production have been given to the reconstruction fund of the Cathedral at Ely.

On left—

PICKING LAVENDER IN NORFOLK: A picture taken recently in the little coastal village of Heachem, which was a favourite resort of the late Queen Alexandra, showing the pickers at work in the fields surrounding Caley Mill, which can be seen in the background. The sweet-smelling lavender fields are a well-known feature of the countryside in this area. After picking, part of the crop is sold as a flower, but much of it is bought by scent manufacturers and is distilled. Some lavender is exported

THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SEAT OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY LEARNING : A view of Welbeck Abbey, Nottinghamshire, which is now an Army college for preparing boys who wish to become officers in the technical corps. Next month Welbeck College celebrates its second birthday, and forty-five of its first boys go to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Welbeck Abbey was built for a Duke of Portland in the seventeenth century, on the site of a twelfth-century monastery, and was eccentrically altered 100 years ago.

TECHNICAL TRAINING AND PRACTICE : A boy welds feet to a copper bowl which he has made in the school workshops. Wood- and metal-work are part of the curriculum. *On right*—During their cadet force training, some of the boys are seen setting up a field telephone exchange.

MORNING SERVICE IN THE SCHOOL CHAPEL : The head of the school, Bernard Cornish, who was one of the first entries to Welbeck College two years ago, reads the lesson. What are now the Chapel and the Library were, in the time of Charles I, a riding school. There are 150 boys at the school, seventy-five being at present admitted each year.

FIRST RESULTS FROM WELBECK COLLEGE

After Two Years, the Army's School for Boys who Intend to Become Technical Officers sends its First Pupils to Sandhurst

Last month the Duke of Edinburgh told those cadets at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, who were about to become officers, that it was of the utmost importance that they should learn to handle the equipment which they will use. The Army is becoming more and more technical, and for a long time it has been a source of disquiet that the Army's man-power is not keeping pace with technical advances. Next month there will be forty-five new entrants to Sandhurst who, for the first time, bear the name of Welbeck College as their school. They will be the first products of the school, which was founded two years ago in Nottinghamshire by the War Office to prepare boys for entry to Sandhurst, and, later, commissions into the technical corps of the Army.

The object of Welbeck College is to provide an education with the accent on science and mathematics for boys whose parents might not be in a financial position to continue such education at ordinary public or grammar schools up to the time they can enter Sandhurst. It takes two years to prepare a boy for Sandhurst, so that the curriculum at Welbeck is much the same as might be found in the Science Sixth at other schools. Just over half the time is taken up with science and mathematics. Greek and Latin are not taught, but French and German and other art subjects are.

A War Office selection board, with the headmaster, Mr. D. A. Rickards, as president, chooses the seventy-five pupils who are admitted annually to the College. Parents supply the War Office, in confidence, with details of their incomes. If it is under £300 a year, after income tax, insurance, and allowances for other children have been deducted, then the parents pay nothing at all for the upkeep of the boy at school. If their income is above £300 they are expected to contribute up to a maximum of £30 a term.

Once the boy is at the school, the War Office foots the bill for all maintenance expenses. These include clothing—down to the spongebag and toothbrush level—and railway warrants to and from school each term. In addition, the boys are given 4s. a week pocket money, and the provision by parents of additional funds or food is discouraged.

The preparation of the boys for their military careers is continued outside the classrooms. There is a school cadet force which is run on the same lines as units at other schools. One afternoon a week is given over to training, which culminates in an annual camp during the summer holidays with other units of the Combined Cadet Force. As might be expected, the more technical aspects of cadet training, such as signals work, play a prominent part in the activities of the Welbeck College cadet force.

To stimulate still further interest in the technical side of the Army the boys attend short courses at the depots of one or other of the technical corps during the Christmas and Easter holidays. Some boys also go on a

CHESS IN THE LIBRARY: Welbeck College retains a normal school atmosphere. Of the 150 boys there last term 122 came from grammar schools.

On right—

IN A SUBTERRANEAN CLASSROOM: One of the classes 14 ft. below ground. The ceiling windows, provide excellent light.

A SOLDIER STILL HAS TO BE ABLE TO SHOOT: A detail on the rifle-range during cadet force training. After two years at Welbeck a boy is expected to pass into the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

THE ROSE CORRIDOR IS PUT TO A NEW USE: A member of the cadet force band practises in the corridor, 160 yards long and entirely roofed with glass. The roses lining its walls were once a magnificent sight.

OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN SCHOOL LIFE: Sailing on Welbeck College's own lake, which is 1¼ miles long. The boys are encouraged to take up sailing in dinghies which they have made themselves in the school workshops. All forms of games and athletics are organised for boys at the college.

week's course at the Royal Naval Training Establishment at Botley, in Hampshire. The sea-going experience they gain there is considered to be part of the "character training" they receive at the college.

When the boys leave Welbeck College after two years, they receive the normal officer-cadet training at Sandhurst, and, all going well, are commissioned after eighteen months into one of the technical corps—Engineers, Signals, Ordnance, or Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. After a year's service with a unit in his corps the young officer may be sent to Cambridge or the Royal Military College of Science at Shrivenham to take an engineering degree. Before the boy goes to Welbeck, both he and his parents undertake that he will serve as an officer for at least five years. After that, if the officer decides that he does not want to remain in the Army, he is at liberty to resign his commission.

Paradoxically, Welbeck College, which places so much of an accent on technical education, is set in surroundings which trace back their history to the twelfth century. At that time there was a monastery on the site, which was demolished at the Dissolution of the Monasteries. It was replaced by the pleasant old seventeenth-century mansion which stands to-day, built by John Hollies for a Duke of Portland. But Welbeck Abbey's claim to originality is based on the alterations and—in some cases—improvements made by the eccentric 5th Duke of Portland 100 years ago.

At the time of the potato famine the Duke imported hundreds of Irish labourers, equipped each with a shovel, a donkey, and a couple of panniers and an umbrella, and set them to work. He proceeded to build rooms and tunnels 14 ft. below ground-level. His eccentricity, however, did not prevent him providing the rooms with excellent ventilation and ceiling windows giving better light than is usually provided by the more conventional wall windows. Some of the rooms are now used as laboratories. The ballroom, which is one of the largest ever built without ceiling-supporting pillars, is now the gymnasium.

But perhaps the most fascinating of these subterranean activities are the sunken garden and the tunnel to Worksop station. It is thought that the area, which measures 144,000 sq. ft., was originally to have been roofed in, but that the death of the Duke prevented completion. Anyhow, the mammoth excavation was converted into a garden, and now provides two hard tennis courts and a swimming-pool for Welbeck College. The tunnel to the station provided the Duke with a short cut. Once on the platform the Duke would be hoisted aboard the London train in his carriage.

The story of Welbeck Abbey may be the sum total of the tradition of the College. But in the two years of its existence Welbeck College has already established itself as a school in every sense of the word. The traditions will no doubt come in time. In the meanwhile, Welbeck is providing facilities for the training of a type of officer who is going to play an increasingly vital role in the Army, and of whom the country is still in dire need.

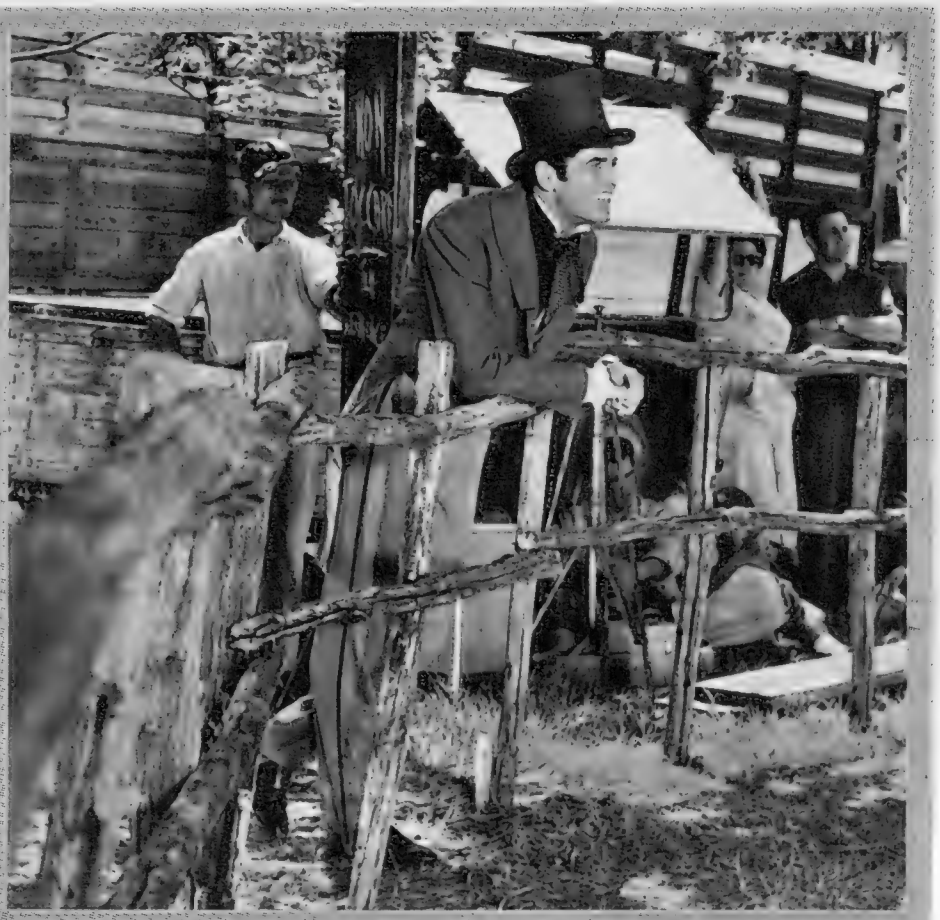
"WAR AND PEACE"

COUNT TOLSTOY'S CLASSIC IS NOW BEING FILMED IN ITALY

PIERRE AND NATASHA IN A PASTORAL SCENE FROM "WAR AND PEACE": The parts are played by Henry Fonda and Audrey Hepburn. This film is expected to be ready by autumn 1956.

On left—
TWO POPULAR YOUNG STARS IN ROMANTIC ROLES: Nicholas, Jeremy Brett, finds romantic interest in Sonia Rostov, played by the young Swedish film star, Mai Britt.

Below—
PIERRE AND NATASHA: Audrey Hepburn and Henry Fonda in another scene from *War and Peace*.



HENRY FONDA ON LOCATION: The shooting site in this picture is just outside Rome, where the hunting and riding sequences for the film are being photographed.

As might be expected, the film which is being made from Tolstoy's book, *War and Peace*, is to be a truly "mammoth" production. Being produced by Ponti-De Laurentiis for Paramount release, the film is expected to run for four hours when completed late next year. It will be shown in two parts. All filming is being done in Italy and there are four separate locations in studios in Rome. In a set at Cinecitta, parts of Moscow have been reconstructed. A little later this year snow scenes will be shot in the hills around Rome. The casting of such a production is a considerable undertaking and is not yet complete. Among the many stars who have been assigned parts are: Herbert Lom, who has left his part in *The King and I* in London to play Napoleon, and Oscar Homolka, as Napoleon's opponent, Kutuzov.

RIDING PRACTICE FOR THE STARS: Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer who plays the part of Max Andrey, have much riding to do in the film and have daily riding practice at the Riding Academy near their home in the Alban Hills, some twenty miles outside Rome.

"THE SHADOW OF DOUBT": In the play at the Saville Theatre in London are, from the left—Frank (Patrick Barr); Laura (Jane Baxter); Hughie (Peter Collingwood); Gladys (Eileen Way); and Arthur (John Clements). The author, Norman King, takes as his theme the life of a physicist, Arthur, who has betrayed official secrets and served a sentence of imprisonment. *The Shadow of Doubt* tells his story after he comes out of prison and is trying to live down his past. He has changed his name and leads an existence of drudgery in an office in a northern town. But he is not allowed to live in peace. He is beset by agents of foreign Powers and also watched by suspicious M.I.5 officials for the British authorities. In the climax, the embittered scientist reveals the real reasons for his conviction as a traitor, explaining the conflict which faced him between loyalty to the State or loyalty to the view that science should know no boundaries and mankind must transcend nationalism. The performance at the Saville Theatre is full of suspense and tension. The play is produced by Allan Davis and the designs for the stage are the work of Laurence Irving.

TREASON AND LOYALTY

A Scientist's Conflict of Duty on the London Stage; and a Play Concerning Domestic Fidelities

THE PAST HAUNTS THE PRESENT: *Above*—Raymond Huntley (on left), as Manning, the M.I.5 agent, comes to the home of Arthur (John Clements) and his wife (Jane Baxter). Manning had been responsible for the scientist's conviction for treason. *On right*—The physicist (John Clements) considers his motives for past actions. Mr. Clements plans next year to make the Saville a centre for English classical drama.

A LOVING-CUP IN "NINA": In the title part of Nina, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Coral Browne offers the cup as proof of "good friendship" to her husband, Adolphe Tessier (James Hayter). Unknown to Nina, the cup contains poison which her husband intended for her. Her lover, Georges de Fourville-Chambéry (Michael Hordern), looks on fascinated. *Nina*, by André Roussin, is translated from the French by Arthur Macrae. Although mainly a farce, it contains some considerable passages of philosophic discussion upon the loyalties of wife, husband and lover.

RIVALS IN LOVE: James Hayter (*left*) is the romantically-minded husband of Nina, and Michael Hordern the blasé seducer who is tired of easy conquest. Both give excellent performances in the play, in which Coral Browne is the self-confident wife. The cast includes Lockwood West as the Agent de Police, and Raymond Young in the part of Réné Duvivier. Rex Harrison is the producer at the Haymarket Theatre.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A Pictorial Survey of Recent Events in London and the Counties

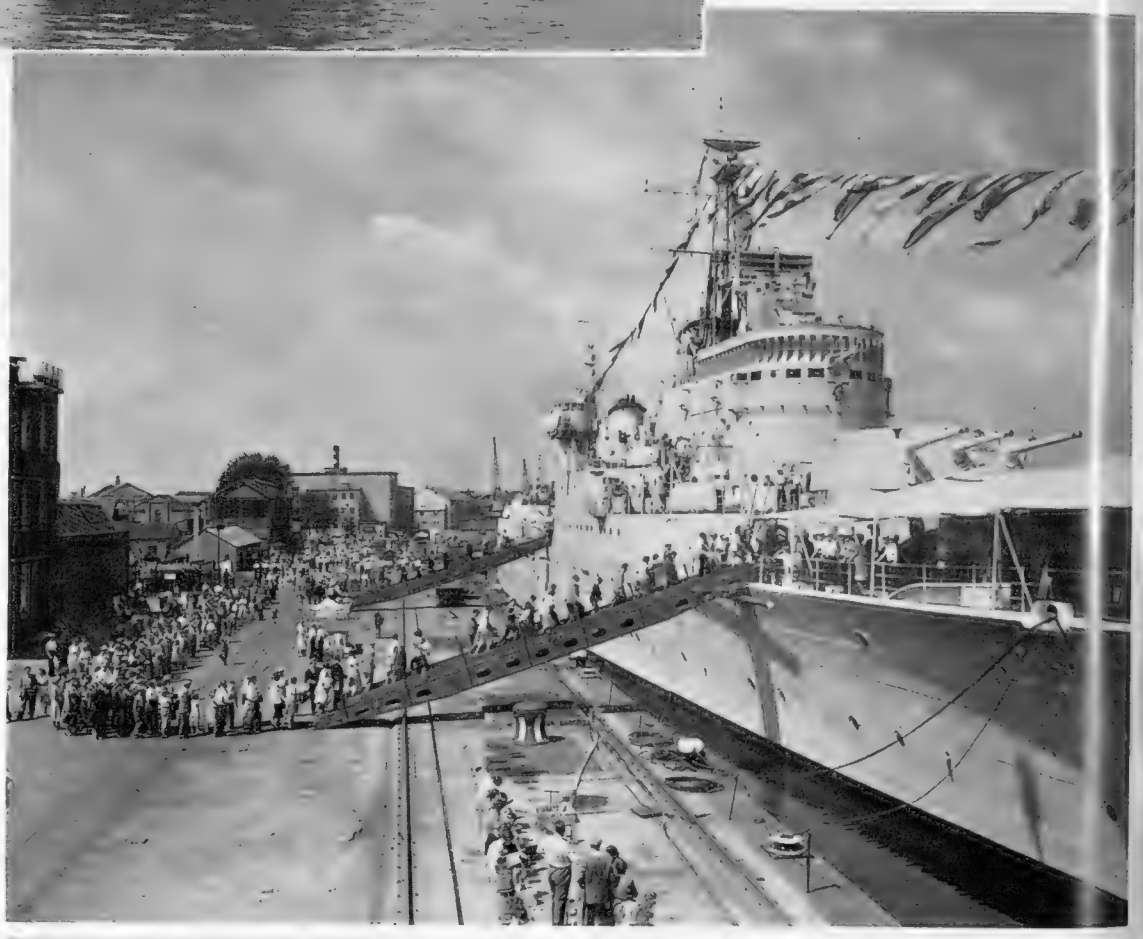
On left—

AN AUSTRALIAN WARSHIP IN THE POOL OF LONDON : The bascules of Tower Bridge are raised as H.M.A.S. *Queenborough*, a fast anti-submarine frigate of the Australian Navy, enters the Upper Pool. It is believed to be the first time that an Australian warship has sailed up the River Thames. The *Queenborough* has been in United Kingdom waters for some months, during which time she took part in exercises with the Royal Navy and with N.A.T.O. countries.

Below—

THE ROYAL NAVY AT HOME TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS : Hundreds of holidaymakers at Chatham take advantage of the sunshine and of the Navy's offer of a visit to the warship H.M.S. *Birmingham*. Other "Navy Days" were also held at Portland, Plymouth and Portsmouth. A feature of all these shows was the first public demonstration of the Squid, a three-barrelled mortar weapon for firing submarine bombs ahead of the ship. Visitors at Portland also saw a demonstration of the new technique of rescue from the sea using a helicopter equipped with a special scoop net.

GLIDING CHAMPION OF BRITAIN ONCE AGAIN : Mr. Philip Wills, who has been National Champion on several previous occasions and was, until last summer, the World Champion, is seen after being declared 1955 Individual Gliding Champion in the National Contests held at Lasham. Mr. Wills amassed 492 points : 52 more than the runner-up, Lieut.-Colonel Deane-Drummond.



A "V" CLASS BOMBER SETS A RECORD : Crew members of a Valiant four-jet bomber assemble in front of their aircraft before leaving Farnborough for the Woomera Range, in Australia. From left to right are—Wing Commander J. Finch, the captain ; Sqn. Ldr. J. Tanner, co-pilot ; Flt. Lt. A. Sacks, navigator from South Africa ; Flt. Lt. D. Fish, navigator ; Flt. Lt. C. La Belle, from Canada, signaller ; and Mr. B. Maries, a technical engineer. *On right*—The Valiant taking-off from Farnborough. The jet bomber covered the 2,534-mile first leg of its flight from Farnborough to Bagdad in 4 hrs. 51½ mins. at an average speed of over 523 m.p.h. This is being claimed as a record. At the Woomera range, bomb ballistic trials are to be carried out.

A NEW LONDON SCHOOL : The exterior is seen here of the new L.C.C. secondary school for girls at Catford. It will be opened next month and accommodate 1,200 pupils. The total cost of the school and its equipment will be about £380,000. There are twenty-three class-rooms, special rooms for certain subjects, a laboratory and a library.

On left—
SIX HURT IN TUBE CRASH : Debris is scattered in the damaged front coach of a train on the Holborn–Aldwych tube line after it had over-run the platform at Aldwych last week. Four passengers and the driver and guard in the two-coach train were taken to hospital. Later they were allowed to go home.

AN OLD SURREY HOUSE MAY BE SAVED : Oaks Mansion, in Oaks Park, Carshalton, is to be inspected by an architect of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, with a view to considering whether it should be saved from demolition. The house, originally Elizabethan, is largely late eighteenth-century work and has been in a state of bad repair for some time. It has thirty rooms.

A HISTORIC HOUSE ON VIEW : Visitors are crowding into moated Leeds Castle, in Kent, on the occasion of its being open to the public for a day. The buildings, which are surrounded by water, are in part medieval and part Romantic Revival.

PONIES IN THE RING : Class 14 for riding ponies is being judged in the ring during the Annual Show of the National Pony Society at Roehampton. There was a fine display of native British breeds.

On right—
THE FINISHING TOUCHES : From left to right are Topsy Parker, Jenny Bullen and Jean Heney. They come from Charmouth, on the coast of Dorset, and are putting the finishing touches in his grooming to Bubbly, a fine Palomino stallion, before he enters the ring in the National Pony Club's Annual Show. Bubbly is owned by Colonel and Mrs. Bullen.

STEEPLEJACK DEAN : Watched by his choir and interested spectators, the Very Rev. Eryl Thomas, Dean of Llandaff Cathedral, in South Wales, starts up the ladder on a 195-ft. climb to place the weathercock on the top of the spire which has now been restored after wartime damage.

ATOMS FOR PEACE AT GENEVA

EXPERTS STUDY THE PEACEFUL USES OF ATOMIC ENERGY AT GENEVA : Mr. Dag Hammarskjold, the Secretary-General of the United Nations Organisation, is seen (*centre*, behind guard) with visitors at the Atoms for Peace Exhibition which is being held with the International Congress for the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy.

Although, perhaps the eyes and ears of all nations are trained on the conference now being held at the Palais des Nations, Geneva, on the peaceful uses of atomic energy, the international exhibition being held simultaneously with the conference has attracted world-wide attention. Over seventy nations are represented and much of the machinery on show is for sale, giving the exhibition the air of an industrial fair, rather than a scientific showground. Both Britain and America are well represented, both countries including exhibits which were, until quite recently, classified. Britain announced just prior to the opening of the exhibition two new research projects relating to the " third stage " of atomic energy development. This concerns the use of " fast breeder reactors " producing electrical energy and nuclear fuel in one operation. The experimental pilot-plant, known as Zeus, will be working at Harwell at the end of the year and a full-scale copy is, at the moment, being built at the Dounreay station in northern Scotland. British exhibits were generally praised for their practical character. Russia, too, was represented but had little to show in the commercial field. Her official exhibit at the Palais des Nations, however, showing how atomic energy was being used in Russia, attracted much attention.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN EUROPE AND ASIA

THE SHAPE OF TO-MORROW'S POWER STATIONS : This d wing o an atomic power station, designed by the Genera Electri Company, is one of the British exhibits at the Gen a show British exhibits attracted many favourable c mments

THE SOVIET PREMIER IS HOST TO DIPLOMATISTS : Marshal Bulganin shakes hands with Mr. C. Parrott, British Chargé d'Affaires, at the garden party given by the Russian Prime Minister for Western and Eastern diplomatists accredited to the Soviet Government. Left are Marshal Zhukov and Mr. Khrushchev (in white suit). Between the latter and Mr. Parrott are Messrs. Molotov and Malenkov.

A GAY PARTY FOR DIPLOMATISTS NEAR MOSCOW

At a summer *dacha* which Catherine the Great bestowed upon one of her lovers, some 250 people sat down to a lavish luncheon in a big marquee last Sunday. Their host was Marshal Bulganin, and with him were many members of the Soviet hierarchy. The remainder of the company, who were toasted by the Marshal as " our dear guests," were principally ambassadors, ministers and other diplomatists in the Soviet Union, from both the West and the East. The host declared it was " an unprecedented occasion," but " this last period in international relations has indeed been unprecedented." The party was reported to be a huge success. At one point the American Ambassador engaged in a sculling contest with vice-Premier Mikoyan on a lake and Mr. Molotov, grinning broadly, took the Argentine Ambassador for a row—and grounded the boat.

A ROYAL FUNERAL IN MUNICH

THE CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT IS BURIED IN THE BAVARIAN CAPITAL : The funeral procession of the last Crown Prince of Bavaria passes through the streets on its way to the family vault of the House of Wittelsbach. Crowds came in from the surrounding countryside to watch the passing of a Prince who had acquired a strong personal hold on their affections and whose funeral was celebrated with full Royal pomp. Prince Rupprecht was eighty-six when he died. He entered the old Bavarian Army in 1886, served with distinction, and held high command in the First World War. After the abdication of his father in 1918, the Prince settled down on his estates as a private gentleman. Strongly anti-Nazi, he was in exile from 1939 to 1945. On his return he continued to stand apart from politics.

AMERICAN AIRMEN RELEASED BY CHINA

THE FLIERS WHOSE COLONEL WAS TORTURED : The party of U.S. airmen, taken prisoner when shot down in the Korean War in 1953, are seen on arrival in Hong Kong after their recent release by the Chinese Government. Standing, from left, are—Colonel John Arnold, Jr. ; Airman 1st Class Steven Kiba ; Lieutenant John Buck ; Airman John W. Thompson ; Lieutenant Wallace L. Brown ; Captain Eugene Vaadi ; Major William Baumer and Captain Elmer Llewellyn. Kneeling, from left—Sergeant Howard W. Brown ; Airman 2nd Class Daniel C. Schmidt and Airman 2nd Class Harry M. Benjamin, Jr. Later, in Tokyo, Colonel Arnold told a Press Conference that over many months he was tortured, beaten and put in solitary confinement by the Chinese in an attempt to force a statement from him. The other ten said they were subjected to solitary confinement and starvation diet.

THE ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD

THE COLOURFUL GORSEDD CEREMONY AT PWLLHELI : Archdruid Dyfnallt, who is eighty-two, seen on the Logan Stone with the sword-bearer during the ancient ceremony. The Royal National Eisteddfod this year followed its usual time-old pattern with one exception. The ritual of chairing the bard was marred by a dispute involving a druid, Mr. E. J. Jones, the editor of a Welsh newspaper. Half an hour after the bard had been crowned, Mr. Jones' paper was on sale at the Eisteddfod containing some forty lines of quotation from the winning poem. The Eisteddfod Council, who own the copyright of the poem for the coming year, objected and Mr. Jones did not deliver an address of welcome as had been planned. This year both the Bardic Crown and the Chair were won by ministers of religion.

A WATER SHORTAGE IN PERTHSHIRE

DROUGHT PRECAUTIONS ON THE RIVER TAY : Engineers are seen pumping water from the shrunken river on which Perth depends for her water supply, into the filter-bed channels situated 40 yards away. In an attempt to keep the amount of water supplied up to the required figure, engineers, assisted by members of the fire brigade, are carrying out pumping operations on a round-the-clock basis. Despite this, the water supply for the city is below the amount needed and strict economy measures are in force. Perth, like many other places in the British Isles, is suffering from the recent long spell of dry and hot weather.

On left—

PONIES OF BRITAIN ON SHOW

LINED UP FOR THE JUDGING : Competitors await the judges in the Child's First Pony Class at the Ponies of Britain Club Show at Ascot. In this, the third annual show, there were over 900 entries in some seventy classes. For the second year in succession the queen of the show was Miss M. Brodrick's Welsh Mountain Pony mare, Coed Coch Siardus.

AN ITALIAN WIN AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

THE VICTORS IN THE PARADE AFTER THE AGA KHAN CUP : The Italian riders are carrying the trophy which they had just won. The cup, presented in 1926, is given for international team jumping. Britain, after a series of victories, won it outright in 1953 and were again the winners last year, but this year the Italians beat the British after a close contest and so took the cup back to Italy for the first time. The other three teams—Ireland, Sweden and the United States of America—were unimpressive. The Italian riders were Lieutenant R. D'Inzeo, Lieut.-Col. L. Cartesegna and Captain S. Oppes.

The Sphere of Travel

WINTER IN THE NEW WORLD

The West Indies and South America Offer Holidays in Sunshine for Those who would Escape from Britain in its Coldest Months

By GORDON COOPER

LOOKING forward to the winter, most of us can anticipate the climate so well described by Shakespeare :

" When icicles hang by the wall. . . ."

If we want to avoid " blowing our nails " or, at any rate, being in thoroughly uncomfortable surroundings—in which most of our dreams concern sunshine—there are few better ideas than a trip over the Atlantic to Bermuda or the West Indies or the eastern littoral of South America, on the southern side of the Equator.

When one sets out to cross the Atlantic, perhaps the easiest route is via the Bermuda Islands. You can fly there direct from London in less than twenty-four hours, including a new mixed class (first and tourist) weekly service which leaves London Airport at 7.30 p.m., reaches Bermuda at 10 a.m., and then continues on to Barbados and Trinidad. Off-season fares operate between November and March. The planes used are Stratocruisers. It is also worth mentioning that anyone flying to New York from Britain can return via Bermuda (with a stopover halt), at no extra cost. Then there is the B.O.A.C.'s " Family Plan " which embraces considerable reductions.

For anyone wishing to travel by sea, the position is more complicated. Direct sailings are irregularly placed, and in many cases, especially on the popular cargo steamers, accommodation is not easily obtainable. This problem faces the prospective sea-traveller to the West Indies generally. My advice is to get in touch with a travel agent specialising in sea voyages, such as Thos. Cook or Informal Travels (45, Queensway, London, W.2). They can give you the latest information.

Bermuda is a delightful place, and a visit to this colony's newly-opened London office (4, Lower Regent Street, S.W.1), with its evocative mural decorations, made me long to return there. At the same time, these no-income-tax islands, with their Mediterranean climate, have certain limitations. Hotel costs, for instance, are high—at least by British standards—and even in a modest establishment you will be charged at least £4 a day. Then there is a new type of guest-house accommodation—housekeeping units—which would be ideal for a honeymoon, and for which the rates are from £35 per week, £105 per month, up. Meals are not included in these prices.

Bermuda itself is made up of over 150 coral islands set in a deep blue sea, nearly 600 miles from the nearest land. The mainland consists of seven principal islands, connected by bridges and causeways, shaped like a giant fish-hook and covering an area of some 20 square miles. Thus, nowhere in these islands are you more than a few hundred yards from the sea.

Although the climate is sunny and equable—very much like that of the French Riviera—bathing is hardly feasible during the winter months, except to the hardy. But there is golf and tennis and fishing, all contributing to Bermuda's sunny way of life. The islands, in fact, are one of the great deep-sea fishing centres of the world ; 335 varieties have been caught along its reefs, and 267 in the open sea. World record amberjack, bonefish and bonito have been taken, and notable catches of marlin, tuna, rockfish and wahoo. Most popular shore fishing is for bonefish, pompano and grey snapper. Fishing is excellent, too, in the reef areas, from a boat, for such fish as yellowtail, bonito, snappers, porgy, hind and mackerel. Altogether it is a fisherman's paradise.

The much warmer and the delightful island of Jamaica, with its famous Montego Bay, is also expensive for a holiday, due mainly to the discovery there of bauxite and an influx of dollar-rich American workers. As an alternative, for those who have to consider costs, there is Barbados. This island has been uninterruptedly under the British Crown since it was first discovered in 1625, and is the most English of the West Indian islands, both in scenery and in the character and habits of its inhabitants. Its climate is superb, with constant sunshine and trade winds, and freedom from malaria. Here you can bathe the year round, and there is a lively social life.

As a guide, hotel charges are from 35s. a day up. Benson Travelways Ltd. (85, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1) are travel agents specialising in West Indian holiday resorts, and they can be consulted in matters concerning accommodation and the like. For general information about this part of the world there is the West India Committee, 40, Norfolk Street, London, W.C.2.

From Barbados and also from Jamaica and Trinidad, British West Indian Airways maintain links with several other islands in the Caribbean, and with Georgetown, British Guiana. This company is bringing Viscounts into use on some of its services. There are also various local shipping services, and for anyone wishing to visit the strangest island in the world, Saba, a Dutch possession, might claim this title.

This curious island, which I once visited, is a mere dot on the ocean, for it is a bare five miles in diameter. It rises in sheer thousand-foot cliffs straight out of the sea, and then tapers another 5,000 ft. into the clouds, to the enormous cone of its volcano.

One doesn't *land* on Saba—one " goes aboard," exactly as if it were a ship. The analogy is not so outrageous, for it is from a ship's boat, smashing through the rough surf, that one sets foot on the one shingle beach. From there to the settlement above there is a precipitous path or stairway of 800 steps, known as " The Ladder." I rode up on a donkey, a rather unnerving experience, for the little beast scrambled and jumped and slipped, and frequently I felt in imminent danger of being thrown over the precipice. Let me add, however, that since my visit a modern mountain road has been built from the beach to Bottom, the topsy-turvy name of the island's capital.

In and around this small town there is a typical Dutch atmosphere. There are neat, ordered fields and gardens and regimented fruit orchards. There are apple-faced Dutch women, and grey-bearded old men, smoking huge porcelain pipes—reminiscent of Rembrandt's paintings. But strangely enough, these people speak English instead of their native tongue. And, another oddity, is that the village is built in nothing but a great volcanic crater : a town inside a volcano.

For those who would like to go on a cruise to the West Indies I would emphasise that while there are numerous opportunities, very little accommodation is available on regular services unless bookings are made months ahead. There are British, German, Dutch, and Scandinavian freighters which carry passengers and call at various ports ; and there are the French luxury liners, with a bi-monthly service from Southampton, which allow a break for about fourteen days at one of the ports of call.

For those who can only spare a month away, there is a sailing on November 25 from Liverpool of the new British liner *Hubert*, calling at Lisbon, Barbados and Trinidad. The thirty-three-days' voyage includes Christmas at sea. A shorter round voyage (twenty days) is offered by the new French vessel *Flandre*, the last word in luxury and lavish cuisine, which visits Vigo, San Juan, Guadalupe, Martinique, Trinidad and La Guaira ; the sailing port is Plymouth. The same ship makes a longer trip, starting on December 28, covering the same itinerary plus Barbados, Curacao and Kingston. Stop-overs can be arranged.

Another opportunity for a luxury voyage to the sun is in the Cunard liner *Caronia*, due to leave Southampton on January 3 for Bermuda, Nassau (Bahamas), Kingston (Jamaica) and New York, whence the return can be made by one of the *Queens*, due in Southampton on January 24.

Further afield is South America, whose eastern ports can be reached by regular sailings of the Royal Mail Lines and the Blue Star Line—tickets being interchangeable ; and for those having Buenos Aires as terminal point, there is an arrangement by which they can use the ship as their hotel while in port. For the west coast of the continent, there are the services operated by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company.

The Royal Mail Lines offer three round voyages to South America (duration thirty-nine–forty-seven days) by the *Andes* sailing on November 11, and the *Alcantara* on December 7 and January 27 from Southampton. Calls will be made at Cherbourg, Vigo, Lisbon, Madeira, Las Palmas, Recife, Salvador, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. The fares are from £345 first class and £226 second class.

A popular sea and river tour is that offered by the Booth Line, travelling a thousand miles up the mighty Amazon into the heart of Brazil ; there are monthly sailings, and the round trip takes about eight weeks. The itinerary each way is usually Leixões, Lisbon, Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, Para and Manaus. There are other sailings to South America by comfortable freighters which call at various ports, either on the east or west coasts. It is also possible to combine these by making the interesting forty-hours railway journey over the mighty Andes and across the great Argentine plains from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires or vice versa. Generally speaking, these round South American tours take seventy–ninety days. It is important, however, for intending travellers to remember that these cargo ships do not run to a scheduled time-table, so you must allow for this in your arrangements.

BRAZIL—THE CELEBRATED BATHING-PLACE AT RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL'S FEDERAL CAPITAL : The great sweep of the sun-drenched Copacabana beach, which is within easy reach of the city. Calls will be made at Rio by the liners *Andes* and *Alcantara* during their voyages to South America later this year and early in 1956.

URUGUAY—THE CITY OF MONTEVIDEO, ON THE RIVER PLATE, SEEN ACROSS THE BAY FROM THE MILITARY MUSEUM AT CERRO : In the middle-distance, at the foot of the lofty isolated cone, from which Montevideo takes its name, is the town of Cerro.

On the Spanish Main

Ports of Call and Holiday Centres in the West Indies

BARBADOS—THE TUNER BASIN OF THE HARBOUR AT BRIDGETOWN, THE CHIEF PORT : The harbour, in Carlisle Bay, on the south-west coast, is known as the Careenage. *Below*—The surf runs into the shore at Bathsheba, on the east coast.

TRINIDAD—THE ISLAND'S PICTURESQUE NORTH COAST : This is the view looking eastwards over Sans Souci Bay, "Big Bay," towards Toco Point, in the extreme north-east corner.

BERMUDA—THE CITY OF HAMILTON AND ITS HARBOUR : The shallow waters, seen at the foot of the picture, afford shelter to many small boats, but further up, the sea-bed shelves and ocean-going liners are able to lie at anchor. In the background, at the top of the picture, is Somerset, at the western end of Bermuda.

JAMAICA—ONE OF THE ISLAND'S MOST FAVOURED HOLIDAY CENTRES IS MONTEGO BAY : It lies in a sheltered harbour on Jamaica's north-west coast. Prominent among Montego Bay's many bathing places is the Doctor's Cave Bathing Club. At Easter one of the attractions is the annual Montego Bay Regatta, the big event of the yachting season. The airport at this semi-tropical resort is one of the largest in the West Indies.

BAHAMAS—OVERLOOKING NASSAU FROM FORTFIN CASTLE, ONE OF THREE OLD FORTS : To the right is the Royal Victoria Hotel and beyond this is the British Colonial Hotel. Hog Island light guards a channel into the harbour.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A SCANDAL WHICH SHOOK EUROPE

The Tragic Love of a Queen of Denmark ; A Frightening Glimpse of a Fictional Future ; An Epic of the Royal Navy ; Dangerous Living; and other New Books.

CAROLINE MATILDA, by G. V. Blackstone (Heinemann. 15s.), is an historical novel based on the romantic and tragic story of that daughter of George II and sister of George III who, for political reasons, was married at the tender age of fifteen to the mad King Christian VII of Denmark. Horrified at the prospect but unable to resist, she was unwisely advised as to the difficulties of her marital relationship by her lady-in-waiting. Nevertheless, to the cruel and half-lunatic king she bore a child, becoming more and more miserable and ill herself until a young German physician, Dr. Struensee, arrived on the scene. Throwing discretion to the winds she became involved in an intense love-affair with him, and this radical, agnostic and self-made man was promoted to dizzy heights. Their brief but spectacular sway over Denmark and their programme of liberal reform and reckless disregard for propriety not only upset the Tory Government in England, but amazed all Europe. However, the King's stepmother took a hand and, aided by the vacillations of the English Court, a Palace revolution was effected. Struensee was executed and Matilda kept a prisoner, and eventually poisoned at the age of twenty-three.

Perhaps in terms of the strictest morality neither Caroline Matilda nor Struensee are admirable figures, nor, for that matter, are the Dowager Queen Juliana and her fellow-conspirators, but in this excellent historical novel the author has contrived a tragic love-story which everyone will enjoy. I believe that it is a first novel and Mr. Blackstone is to be congratulated, not only on his historical scholarship, but on his ability to bring his characters vibrantly alive and to engage the reader's pity and compassion for lovers entangled inexorably with the forces of their own destruction.

So there was a Seven Days War ; atomic and all that, followed by an Eisenhower–Bulganin Pact, and the world settled down to life as it would revolve round a Washington–Moscow axis. In a small neutral state, bordering a de-militarised zone, is a vast functional palace housing thousands of polyglot bureaucrats and I.G.R.A.M.P., which stands for Inter-Governmental Regroupment Agency for Maladjusted Persons, a sort of supra-Gestapo who can round up citizens and cart them off for "regrouping" under confinement in remote places. The time ? A bare ten or fifteen years from now.

Presumably, when Mr. Robert Kee was writing A SIGN OF THE TIMES (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.), the Geneva Conference seemed as remotely impossible as an atomic attack on Formosa. We can only hope that his gifts of satirical prophesy prove equally unreliable. For the story is a frightening one and the characters of Trafford, Crowther, Broadstrap, Victoria and the rest are close enough to recognisable people around us to give us the creeps

If bureaucrats have souls then Mr. Kee has the skill and knowledge to lay them bare ; moreover, he can create some plausible specimens of secret agents and provocateurs. He can also create the authentic atmosphere of a Kensington pub as well as the melodramatic background of pursuit and escape. In other words, this novel is a little brother of the Orwell school, well written, competently constructed, frightening in its own right, but, at the same time, lacking the fire-in-the-belly compulsion of Orwell himself.

The heroine of Mr. Warren Tute's novel, THE CRUISER (Cassell. 15s.), is H.M.S. *Antigone*, of the Leander class, first commissioned in 1938, laid down as Job No. 86352 in Harland and Wolff's yards at Belfast, and lost in action in the Mediterranean in 1941. And a magnificent, beautiful, thoroughbred of a heroine she is, too.

Her story is also that of her ship's company and the men who command her, all of whom, from the bridge to the engine-room, from the gun-turrets to the galleys, we get to know intimately.

It is an absorbing novel, far removed from the romantic sentimental adventure sea-story with which we are all too familiar. For Mr. Tute takes us into the intimate lives of those who form the intricate pattern of a close-knit company in long hours of training for preparation for dramatic and devastating action in war. In his own words :—"This is a story about the Royal Navy, a story about professional men—the R.N. —the men whose career it is. I stress the word 'profession' because to me it is significant. A profession is neither an enthusiasm nor a hobby. It is not something embarked upon in emergency, however necessary at times that may be. A profession is something to which you give your whole life."

I can pay the author no higher compliment than by saying this is a professional novel of the highest class.

SON OF A SMALLER HERO, by Mordecai Richler (Deutsch. 12s. 6d.), is presumably by a Canadian, since the action takes place in Montreal. It could quite as easily have been set in any modern industrial city of the Western world, since most of its action takes place in a close-knit Jewish community which the publisher describes as a "ghetto," although I suppose the reactions of the inhabitants to the people around them might vary from country to country.

It is, in fact, the old Jewish story of the boy who falls in love with a Gentile, complicated this time by the fact that his father has been killed in tragic circumstances in which the community turned him into a hero. Only Noah, the hero, and his orthodox Head of the Family Melech, know the ironic truth that the episode was a fake, and the usual Jewish family complications ensue. Powerful and compelling enough if you care for this sort of thing.

FOR FLUTE AND PICCOLO, by E. H. Lomer (Werner-Laurie. 12s. 6d.), is, by comparison, a quiet story about some very ordinary people. They do not run to the highlights of conflict and passion, but, like the rest of us, are susceptible to those things which stir the mortal frame. In other words, there is a happy family, Alice's family of three children, one of whom creates enough problems as he goes along, eventually to bring about its disintegration.

Miss Lomer writes with that deceptive ease and fluency which is the mark of a true craftsman. She also has a sharp eye for human foibles and a quiet irony. Altogether a most pleasant novel for a summer's afternoon.

The story of Socrates is probably one of the most familiar in the world, even to those who have been denied a classical education. Through many centuries it has been retold in books, in plays and in epic poetry. Undeterred, Mr. Robert Pick, who appears to be an American scholar, retells it again in THE ESCAPE OF SOCRATES (Chatto and Windus. 15s.) in the form of a novel. He certainly succeeds in bringing Socrates, and the devoted band of his associates, as well as of his enemies, to life. He even achieves a credible portrait of that deplorable spouse Xantippe. The publishers find the background to be a "wonderfully detailed and living picture of the Athens of 399 B.C." The detail is there, but what living qualities there may be are at times overlain by disputations on local politics in Socratic terms. However, it is all very plausible and readable and it makes a good yarn.

Mr. William Faulkner who, in the United States, is described as the Laureate of the Deep South, has made a selection of *Tales of Yoknapatawpha County* under the title FAULKNER'S COUNTY (Chatto and Windus. 15s.). Included in it is his speech of acceptance on the occasion of his award of the Nobel Prize which, in character and content, is as revealing and remarkable as anything else in the book. The whole range of Mr. Faulkner's considerable power and ability is demonstrated in this collection, and anyone seeking to discern the foundations of his pre-eminent place in American literature to-day cannot be without this volume.

Although Mr. Guy Muldoon calls his lively and interesting book on big-game hunting in Africa LEOPARDS IN THE NIGHT (Hart-Davis. 16s.), it is not, in fact, all about leopards, but takes in man-eating lions, elephants, crocodiles, hippos, baboons, wild boar and buffaloes, as well as an assortment of native hunters, head-men and villagers who are characters in their own right. Mr. Muldoon writes with the authority of one holding an administrative post in Nyasaland for a great many years, and not only is there little that he does not know about the character and habits of the wild animals he has lived among, but he writes most entertainingly of the measures he has had to take to secure the safety of his human charges from their maraudings. Even those who have never been within a thousand miles of a safari can enjoy this book.

For those who have wondered why men do dangerous work, DANGER IS THEIR BUSINESS (Cassell. 9s. 6d.) should provide an answer. Marjorie and Edward Ward have compiled six short sketches of men in widely differing jobs, who have had to face the fact of possible death during their work.

Not all have the same attitude towards the danger they face ; Reg Kavanagh, at whose "Crashes to Order" many cinema-goers have thrilled, says he only does it to earn a living, at the same time being able to obtain the amount of excitement and satisfaction from a job well done. He tells us that his work is very highly skilled, and very often it takes months of practice to perfect the essential timing—perhaps not an entirely unexpected point if one considers it. He also points out that he always knows fear. Asked why he does it at all, he replies that it is the only job he knows.

Neville Duke and Hans Haas have exploration in common, even though their fields of conquest are so wide apart. Mr. Duke "explores" the quality of aircraft and all things pertaining to them, while Mr. Haas is many fathoms below the sea exploring—in the better-known sense of the word—all the wonders of the deep. Both also face the danger of faulty equipment. But perhaps the most terrifying job of all is that of the oil-fire fighter. Myron Kinley followed his father in this work, and his own brother was killed during a particularly dangerous fight. Nevertheless, he has become world-famous for his methods ; always impromptu, always successful. He has put out oil-fires all over the world. He never bothers to learn the language of the country : "I don't stay there long enough," he explains.

A "big-cat" trainer and the work of a missionary in Kenya complete this interesting series in which the characters of these men are sharply delineated.

THE GULBENKIAN TRUSTEES MEET IN LONDON : Two of the trustees, Kevork Essayan (left), the late Mr. Calouste Gulbenkian's son-in-law, and Dr. José de Azere do Perdigão, his Portuguese lawyer, give a Press Conference to discuss plans of the huge charitable foundation established under Mr. Gulbenkian's will. Its activities, it was stated, would extend not only to Portugal, where it has its headquarters, but to any other countries at the administrators' discretion. Dr. Perdigão also announced that Mr. Gulbenkian had established a charitable trust with the bulk of his assets in Britain less than a year before his death (in July). The value of the trust amounted to between £300,000 and £400,000, and it was for charitable and religious purposes.

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AMONG THE OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS

W. G. Hoskins, who is editing an illustrated series of books dealing with the historical evolution of the English landscape as we know it to-day, has written the introductory volume, THE MAKING OF THE ENGLISH LANDSCAPE (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.).

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE DONEGAL HIGHLANDS (Carter Publications, Belfast. 12s. 6d.), by Harry P. Swan, is a profusely illustrated volume relating to outstanding features of interest in that part of North-West Donegal geographically known as the Barony of Kilmacrenan.

SOME ENCHANTED EVENINGS (Macdonald. 21s.), by Deems Taylor, is the story to date of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and their contributions to the theatre. It tells of their separate and joint careers culminating in the present partnership, which has given us such outstanding musicals as *The King and I*. Illustrated.

To mark their centenary, the publishers Chatto and Windus have produced A CENTURY OF WRITERS (21s.), an anthology ranging from Swinburne and Bret Harte to Aldous Huxley and the present day. Oliver Warner contributes an informative introduction about the history of this distinguished publishing house.

First published in 1933, HULL DOWN (Melrose. 10s. 6d.), by P. A. Eaddy, has been edited and revised. It is an account of the journey by the author and his friend, after setting out from New Zealand on board the barquentine *St. Elmo* to Australia, and then by *Cambrian Lass*, "a large, black-painted full-rigged ship," to Europe. Illustrated.

THE SEARCHERS (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is a new novel, by Alan Le May, of the American frontier, when white men were struggling to gain a foothold in Indian country. He tells of the search by two men for a girl believed to have escaped from a family massacred by Comanche Indians.

Three art books are published by Macmillan, New York. DRAWINGS BY THE HOLBEIN FAMILY (15s.) are selected with an Introduction by Edmund Schilling. One sees that the great Hans, the Younger, inherited his genius from his father, Hans, the Elder.

The thirty-two colour-plates in DRAWINGS AND WATER-COLOURS BY VINCENT VAN GOGH (35s.) are chosen and annotated by Douglas Cooper. Perhaps the most original feature is the inclusion of a translation of Hugo Von Hofmannsthal's very relevant essay, *Colours*.

In HENRI de TOULOUSE-LAUTREC, DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES IN COLOUR. (35s.) Mr. Glyn T. Hughes has translated from the German Hanspeter Landholt's introduction and notes to the excellent reproductions,

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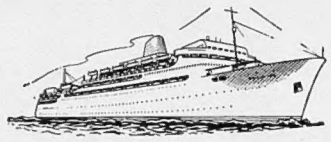

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

SIGHTSEEING can be a tiring business, yet some people have the knack of accomplishing a great deal with the minimum of fatigue. Their secret is that they never try to do too much in one day, and choose their nightly anchorage at an hotel where, apart from normal comforts and good food, they can be assured of a restful night.

Such thoughts came to my mind as, once again, I reached Sandridge Park Hotel on the Melksham-Calne road, in the heart of Wiltshire. Here one can sleep quite oblivious of road traffic, for the hotel is situated on a knoll some two or three hundred yards from the road. Seven miles away at Calne lies the Bath Road, but how well worth while is this short diversion for the certainty of unbroken sleep, good fare, and delightful surroundings.

In the lounge I heard fellow guests discussing the day's happenings. One family had spent a leisurely day visiting Bradford-on-Avon and Bath, returning via Castle Combe and Lacock . . . and their cine camera had been kept very busy. Another couple had been over to Stonehenge before the coaches from Bournemouth and elsewhere had arrived, and had then gone on to Longleat House and Park, near Warminster. Look up Melksham on your map, and you will be able to visualise for yourself the sightseeing possibilities of the surrounding countryside.

At Sandridge Park Hotel, which is under the personal direction of Lady Holt Wilson, one experiences a sense of friendliness, restfulness and gracious living which one cannot expect to find in the usual town hotel. Sandridge Park is now fully licensed, and the cocktail lounge is a fitting prelude to the meals which follow.

By cross-country roads I came, the following day, to the quaint town of Wotton-under-Edge, or, as some of the natives call it "Ottonundridge." There, thanks to information received from one of my readers, I lunched at Berkeley House, which is run by its owner, Mrs. W. A. Dawes, as a guest house, and a very happy discovery it proved. A lovely Cotswold house with Saxon stonework in its walls, lovely furniture, an old powder closet and sword cupboard, and an acre of secluded garden, Berkeley House struck me as an admirable setting-off point for the Southern Cotswolds and for those interested in the Severn Wildfowl Trust. Not only does comfort and homeliness abound, but Mrs. Dawes is an admirable cook, so if you elect to return to all meals I shall not be surprised. The terms, as one would expect in a guest house, are very moderate, viz., *En pension* from 6 gns. in the summer and 5 gns. in winter, while bed and breakfast is only 15s. With luncheons at 5s. and dinners 6s. 6d., it is a place well worth noting.

While in this corner of Gloucestershire I revisited an "old favourite," that former coaching hostelry, the Cross Hands Hotel at Old Sodbury. Gastronomically it must be sampled to be appreciated, and the wine list is a classic in intriguing choice, ranging from sublime heights down to young wines to tempt light pockets. Much else might be written if I did not want you to enjoy the fruits of discovery and efficiency, the latter due mainly to the spirit of staff teamwork, so much fostered by Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Shaw.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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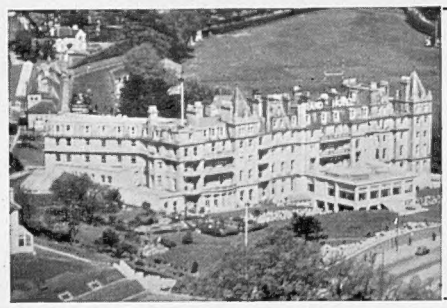

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